All-America Selections for the Liberty League Team

NEW MASSES

DECEMBER 14, 1937 FIFTEEN CENTS A COPY

This Unique Soviet Democracy

A First Anniversary View of the Constitution

By JOSHUA KUNITZ

"The Strength of Gibraltar"

Why the Insurance Agents Are Joining the C.I.O.

By GEORGE OAKDEN

Cuba: A Fascist Link Weakens

The Third Article in a Series on Latin America

By CRISTÓBAL DAVIS

No More Nudes, No More Fish! *by* **Michael Gold**

The Pittsburgh Peace Conference *by* **Theodore Draper**

A Defender of the Constitution *by* **Don Herman**

Marx and Engels on the American Civil War

Reviewed by James Allen

LABOR'S NEEDIEST CASES—A CHRISTMAS APPEAL

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BETWEEN OURSELVES

READERS of the NEW MASSES who want to see the smash hit labor review *Pins and Needles* and at the same time help this magazine should reserve their seats for Wednesday evening, January 12, when there will be a NEW MASSES benefit performance. We've taken the entire house, which seats only 450 (Labor Stage, 106 West 39th Street). *Pins and Needles,* in case you missed William B. Smith's enthusiastic review last week, is put on by "plain, common, ordinary, everyday men and women who work hard for a living," all members of the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union. It is running only Fridays and Saturdays until January 1, but after that will be given six nights a week. Tickets may be reserved by calling Miss Garlin at CAledonia 5-3076.

What's What

WE met quite a few of our friends at the NEW MASSES ball on December 3—biggest and best in years, by the way—and they told us they liked last week's issue which introduced our monthly literary supplement. Some of them have been writing in too. (Although it's a curious thing how when we do something good our readers seem to suffer from writer's cramp, whereas if we displease them they hasten to take their pens in hand. Not that we don't welcome criticism; in fact, pant for it.) Well, anyway, Irene Soames says: "When I saw the last issue I got that ole feelin' about the NEW MASSES. It's great, it's colossal, etc." And Zelma Cohen and Maurice Zilbert inform us they were hit hard by Hyde Partnow's story "Madrid to Manhattan." Mr. Zilbert says: "Mr. Partnow has done for the short story what Anna Sokolow has done for the modern dance."

Another reader writes:

"I've just read the last two issues of your magazine and I'm quite excited and want to speak to you as directly as I can. It occurs to me that you have the chance (and task) at this moment, more than ever before, to be a leading force in an America that cries out for you. . . .

"I think it's because the economic weight of the depression has lifted from us a little—from us your readers, students, teachers, lawyers, engineers, intellectuals, professionals—and now we are realizing more than we ever did in the last prosperity period how much we need besides bread and human nature and skepticism to live on.

"Our demands seem to me threefold. First, as political-consumers, in alliance with the working masses, we are everywhere demanding the new people's party for a definite peace and democracy (looking toward socialism) that is trying to be born. Second, as art's active audience, we are thirsty for the rich variety of poems, pictures, and stories that the aroused and radical American artists, from coast to coast, are willing and able to give us. And third, as intellectual-consumers, we are waiting around, stamping our feet, and quarreling—impatient for a unified many-sided, factually responsible social philosophy such as Waldo Frank, Lewis Mumford, William Carlos Williams, Earl Browder, contributors to *Science & Society,* and others are developing.

"Sincerely, T.G."

Dorothy Parker's radio broadcast from Madrid which appeared in our issue of November 23 continues to attract favorable comment. Robert Forsythe's article on Norman Thomas last week disturbs a correspondent whose signature probably is something like M. Mayo. He thinks Forsythe shouldn't "make so many concessions to the Thomases, Eugene Lyonses, Eastmans, et al, whose stock-in-trade is the down-trodden, ill-clad, and ill-fed Russian masses." But he ends his letter on a self-questioning note: "Am I blowing the whistle in the wrong place and at the wrong time?" Which brings us to B.S., who is not renewing his subscription. "I admire your courage in attempting to portray the truth to your readers, but I object to your usage of cheap, petty epithets." He does not mean to say, however, that "none of your articles are worthy of admiration. I wish to compliment you on your issue of November 2 and the issue before it. But issues of this caliber, in my estimation, do not occur often enough; for instance in your last issue there wasn't one article that attracted me." This would have been, as nearly as we can calculate, the issue which featured articles by Congressman O'Connell, Dorothy Parker, Vito Marcantonio, William Carlos Williams, Dorothy Brewster, and so on.

We hate to lose even one subscriber, but this week we lost five hundred at a blow. The NEW MASSES has been barred from Canada. The padlock law which was invoked against the *Clarté* is now enforced against us, and we cannot be sold or distributed throughout Canada. The reason, we are informed by the general post-office in New York, is that the NEW MASSES "teaches Communism."

Subscribers who received their copies late last week are informed that it wasn't our fault—the press broke down just as the run started, something that doesn't happen once in a blue moon. But this breakdown required replacement of a part, and it was impossible to meet all mailing schedules.

The brush drawing by Elizabeth Olds reproduced on page 18 is included in her exhibition of drawings of steel at the A.C.A. Gallery in New York, which closes December 11.

The pen drawing on page 4 is on view until December 15 at the New School for Social Research in New York along with other drawings, paintings, and murals by Abraham Tobias.

Tromka, whose work is familiar to our readers, is having a one-man show of oils and drawings at the A.C.A. Gallery in New York, beginning December 26. One of the paintings to be included is reproduced on page 19 of this issue. This is Tromka's third one-man show at the A.C.A. Gallery. His picture *Flight* is included in the American Artists' Congress show now current.

Who's Who

GEORGE OAKDEN is the pseudonym of a novelist and script-writer who has recently made a study of industrial insurance. . . . Don Herman is a Washington journalist. . . . Cristobal Davis familiarized himself with conditions in Cuba through an extended stay there as a technician. . . . E. E. Boyle has been a newspaper man in Seattle, a farmer, and a worker on the Grand Coulee Dam. . . . James S. Allen is the author of *Reconstruction,* which deals with the post-Civil War period. . . . John Stuart is co-author with Bruce Minton of *Men Who Lead Labor,* a Modern Age best-seller.

Flashbacks

AS the largest meeting yet held in Boston adjourned on December 16, 1773, Chairman Sam Adams said to the eight thousand present, "This meeting can do nothing more to save the country." Efforts had failed to get the governor of the province to allow the captain of the *Dartmouth* to leave the harbor as he wished to do with his shipload of taxed and unwelcome tea. "Boston harbor a teapot tonight!" was the answering shout of an organized section of the crowd who disguised themselves as Indians and that night boarded the tea ships near Griffin's Wharf. Working systematically, they opened tea cases for two solid hours and dumped the contents into the harbor. Not another piece of property was touched and not a tea-leaf was taken away. Tea worth fifteen thousand pounds went overboard before the Indians vanished in as orderly a fashion as they had arrived. Such was the Boston Tea Party, and from that day the tempo of revolutionary activity was sped up. . . . One hundred and thirty-five years later (December 16, 1918) another harbor incident continued the tradition started by the angered Bostonians. Seattle longshoremen struck, refusing to load arms for Admiral Kolchak's interventionary army in Russia. . . . William Lloyd Garrison, militant leader in the movement for the emancipation of Negro slaves, was born at Newburyport, Mass., December 10, 1805.

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Two weeks' notice is required for change of address. Notification direct to us rather than to the post office will give the best results.

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NEW MASSES
DECEMBER 14, 1937

Ad F. Reinhardt

"The Strength of Gibraltar"

By George Oakden

THIS year will go down in history as a year of meetings on various fronts between irresistible forces and immovable objects. The results have been instructive and amusing as well as noisy.

There was the morning on which His Majesty's Loyal Burden-Carriers at Gibraltar awoke to find guns impudently trained on His Majesty's rock. Though couriers have ever since sped back to the motherland, with pouches abulge with fuming letters to the *Times* about this situation, the guns remain.

More recently there was the morning when Generals Francisco Prudential, John Hancock, and Queipo de Metropolitan awoke to find their industrial insurance rock covered by guns marked C.I.O.

It was an almost equally embarrassing moment. For by a quaint coincidence Generalissimo Prudential has for a long time used, as his trademark on letterheads and all pronunciamentos, a picture of His Majesty's rock with the superscription: THE PRUDENTIAL HAS THE STRENGTH OF GIBRALTAR. And now, with the snouts of the C.I.O. artillery bristling uncomfortably near, a voice off is heard saying: "Quite."

To show why the guns are there, here's a red-time story about Generalissimo Prudential's office in the surburban community of Happyburg—one of many hundreds of offices scattered throughout the United States.

Seven years ago the fifty industrial insurance salesmen in this office were summoned to a banquet at the country club. The occasion was the superintendent's fortieth anniversary with the firm; cigars, wine, and nuts for the boys and their wives were on the agenda; and a personage no less distinguished than a vice-president of the company was to deliver a post-prandial harangue.

Tenderly, almost wistfully, the V. P. told the belly-filled boys that they were all one big, happy family; that the company was a sacred trust mutually shared between employers and employees; that every employee was to the company as a son to a father and the happiness and advancement of the Tiniest Tim among them was Dad's warmest wish. The V. P. wept. The boys wept. Their wives wept.

John Jones was a comparative newcomer on the sales force. He and his missus left the banquet with glowing hearts.

"Isn't it wonderful, John," said Mrs. Jones, "to work for a company like that? Now we can go ahead without fear and build that house we've been planning all these years. It means everything to have this sense of security for the future."

The Joneses went ahead and built the house. Last week I broke bread with them there. John arrived late. He had been out on his debit—the 4-by-5-block section of Happyburg's poorest district which it is his duty to cover on behalf of Prudential.

After dinner he dug out of a drawer a tattered piece of paper: the souvenir menu of that banquet back in 1930. He showed me the list of fifty names printed on it—the names of Prudential's happy family in Happyburg at the time of the banquet. He did some figuring with a pencil.

"Here's what has happened to that happy family," he said, "since you're interested in post-mortems. Thirty-one were fired. The average salesman-turnover in the office from 1930 to 1934 was twenty-three a year.

"Two retired disabled. One with a bad heart, after twenty years' service—he gets forty dollars a month for ten years on his group-insurance, after that nothing. The other after eighteen years' service—he had a personal insurance policy and on it draws one hundred and fifty a month.

"Two quit because, after being away sick, they returned to find themselves hundreds of dollars in debt to the company through lapsed policies on their debits. One is now clipping hedges for the city, the other is driving a bread wagon.

"One died of worry and drink. One, driven by a hounding assistant manager to report non-existent new business in order to hold his job, got in too deep and solved his problem in a quiet canyon by cutting an artery.

"Thirteen of those fifty now remain with the company. Of these, not one has been promoted even to assistant manager, the lowest job commanding any guaranteed salary. Some of us, you might say, have been demoted, in the sense that we've been switched to debits in poorer districts and the number of blocks in our debits has been cut down. Costs the company nothing to put more agents to work, since all we're paid is a commission. They keep on spreading the jam thinner, figuring that way to force every agent to get more business."

So you can see how lucky John Jones is. He's still in his house, and still working for Prudential. At least thirty-one former members of the happy family envy him.

And yet John Jones's story—told humbly and without fustian, for the Joneses have never asked more of life than simple comforts and security—makes me wonder whether, in the cut-throat scramble for capitalist dollars, human dignity has ever been quite so ruthlessly trampled in the dirt as by the Generals Prudential, Hancock, and Metropolitan.

You may say that John is the average industrial insurance agent, though he has been with one company ten years. His job is promoting

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new business and collecting premiums on old business. He grosses about fifty dollars a week. Out of that comes about twenty-five dollars a month for automobile expenses and another six dollars or so for group-life insurance (he has paid nearly six hundred dollars for this group insurance and Mrs. Jones collects exactly nothing unless he is with the company when he dies). About half his earnings comes from commissions on increases and new business: 35 percent the first year, 10 percent the second and third years, 8 percent the fourth year). The rest comes from a 15 percent commission (only 12 percent if he has joined the firm since 1930, the year of the banquet) on premium collections—weekly sums ranging from humble dimes up to perhaps fifty cents, rarely more.

His working hours, at the office and on the debit, are eight to noon, two to five, six fifteen to nine. They are not prescribed hours but they are the minimum he can get away with and keep his job. Twice recently the assistant manager has bawled him out after "happening" down John's street and seeing John's car outside the house at five past two.

This year he and his fellow agents got a two-week holiday. It was the first John had had in all his years with the company except for one time when he had had to have his teeth fixed. The rule until this year (the guns, general, the guns!) was that agents won a vacation by selling so much business. Since 1930 no agent in John's office had ever sold the required amount.

John's debit, the field to which his work is restricted, consists of exactly 752 homes. He does business in 40 percent of them, although Metropolitan and John Hancock have agents working the same area. That he is received in most of these homes as a friend is no tribute to Prudential or to John's "business acumen." If he were a live wire, the type of man who gets ahead in insurance, he would badger his customers mercilessly, threaten, and cajole them. But John is not a live wire—just a decent fellow. He knows just how much money comes into each home, and just what day and what hour it comes. He has to know that, and actively follow up his knowledge, or the weekly insurance money would be spent before he arrived. But he does not try to squeeze blood from a stone, nor does he try to cut the throats of the rival companies' agents. If in one of his homes he is told that unexpected expenses have come up and the policies must be reduced or allowed to lapse, he bows to the inevitable. What else can he do? Dollars are not made of elastic.

But next morning he must be at the office at eight for board call. With his brother agents he is lined up in front of a blackboard. Each salesman in turn is called upon to recite what new business he has written, what business in his debit has lapsed—and the score goes up on the board. The agents are divided into two teams, competing one against the other for the greater glory of Good Old Prudential. John has no new business and in front of everyone has to confess his sins—lapses in his debit. The manager looks on him with the scorn of a headmaster for a pupil caught cheating at sums. He has let down the side—let down Good Old Prudential. The men on the other, the winning side are each handed a prize: a seven-cent cigar.

(At this point in the recital I asked John, jokingly, why Prudential didn't do the thing thoroughly and put dunce-caps on the heads of the bad boys. To my amazement he replied: "They did, once. It was when the superintendent was away at the home office and the temporary superintendent wanted to get credit for big business. One of the stenographers came along the line, at board call, with a basket in which we were to put applications for new insurance. If we didn't have any applications, she put a dunce-cap on our heads. That was done four times a week for two weeks.")

Public reprimand and humiliation are not all that John gets for letting the side down. At the week's end he finds his pay has been docked for the lapses on his debit. The lapsed policies may be ones that he did not himself write, the policy-holders may be people who only moved into his debit last week. No matter. John must pay for the lapses. If he were a live wire, if he really had the glory of Good Old Prudential at heart, he would somehow have extracted from the lapsing policyholders money that wasn't there. His failure to do this calls for a personal dressing-down in the superintendent's office: a warning that, if he doesn't improve, he will be fired next week. Should that threat be carried out, John will go back into circulation and the company will owe him nothing, unless (which is rare) his first-year new-business commissions, to which fired agents are entitled, exceed the amount he owes the company for lapses.

And so life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness roll on for John Jones. Possibly the first ten years are the hardest—but John has another twenty-five to go before he reaches the retirement age of sixty-five and the seventy-five-dollar-a-month pension. And meanwhile, each Monday starts a new week, a blank page unaffected by the past value of John's work—a week like the last, of terror and jangled nerves resulting from the perpetual threat of dismissal. Last summer John was handed a pretty badge marking his tenth year of service to Good Old Prudential. Five minutes later by the clock he was called into the superintendent's office and told he would be fired next week unless he brought in a substantial increase. Next day the assistant manager met Mrs. Jones on the street. He at once began to bawl her out. The firm, he said, could get along without Jones, and unless she got after him that was just what it would do.

That was where the assistant manager, poor man (yes, for he in turn was being hounded by the superintendent, and so on right up the line to president Edward D. Duffield and his unseen, insatiable share-holders) went too far.

Possibly he expected Mrs. Jones to pull a tearful little-woman act on her John, such as would drive him into a frenzy and make him charge around the debit stealing the cash for Good Old Prudential right out of old widows' stockings.

But Mrs. Jones doesn't happen to be that kind of woman. What John in fact found, when he came home that evening tired and jagged-nerved, was a wife transformed by a great blazing fire that had been lit in her. Instead of a damp handkerchief, Mrs. Jones was clutching a copy of the *Debit*—official organ of the Industrial Insurance Agents' Union, U.O.P.W.A., C.I.O. She had something in the other hand, too: a membership application blank, headed: "In order to correct the abuses of our business, we, who built the companies, must claim our right to help make the decisions which affect our lives. We can do this only if we organize into a strong, militant trade union."

"Read this," said Mrs. Jones. "And sign that."

John read.

"By God," he said, his breath coming faster. "Seems strange, doesn't it—unions for insurance agents?"

"What's strange about it?"

"Well . . . you know the regulations. We're not allowed to meet together, more than three of us, without an assistant manager being present. That's in the agreement we make with the company."

"You break that every time you play bridge."

"Sure, but . . . joining would be taking a hell of a chance. . . ."

"Not such a chance as not joining," said Mrs. Jones. "You join."

So if you look closely at the barrels of the guns now trained on the Gibraltar of industrial insurance, you'll see hundreds of names written. And one of the names is John Jones.

Abraham Tobias

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IS LATIN AMERICA GOING FASCIST?—III

Cuba: A Fascist Link Weakens

By Cristobal Davis

CUBA is no exception to the pattern of reactionary conspiracy that is taking shape throughout Latin America. Here too the situation has been changing rapidly in the last few months. No longer is there meek acquiescence to the decrees of the dictator, Col. Fulgencio Batista. Liberation is in the air, though the seat of actual power continues to function without change. It is now feared that Batista plans to strike back through a coup not unlike that of Vargas in Brazil. If so, an election will again play a large part in the plot.

Back in July, the Cuban House of Representatives approved an electoral code providing for an election on January 9 of the coming year. The left groups immediately repudiated the code as a fig-leaf for fraud. One provision was especially crude. It would have put the fate of the minority parties in the hands of the present majority parties—in other words, in the hands of Batista.

This wave of protest was no sudden, mysterious upheaval. Last December and in the early months of 1937, Wall Street-dominated reaction seemed to have crushed all opposition. Protests of the people were confined to small and easily dispersed demonstrations, and sly innuendo in press and radio through jokes and popular songs. This state of affairs no longer exists. Left-wing periodicals have experienced a tremendous increase in number and circulation, and the "impartial" press is decidedly less reactionary. Magazines of a character and circulation resembling the *Saturday Evening Post* or *Collier's* carry, along with innocuous fiction, important articles by opposition leaders, statements by officials of the republican government of Spain, and tributes to Cubans who have been promoted or killed in action for loyalist Spain. But the most striking change is in the radio, where it is possible to say that the large stations, which can be easily heard over most of the United States, carry no news or comment which could be interpreted as favorable to imperialism or fascism in any part of the world.

How all this could happen under a military dictatorship follows from the semi-colonial nature of Cuban economy and its accompanying social structure. The Cuban middle class has seen the naked face of imperialism and foreign monopoly capital at work with little restraint. An important section has never ceased to be revolutionary, openly or secretly, even before the Spanish War forty years ago. Cuba is the land of consumers' strikes. Meat is high now, but the very best, always sold without bones or fat, is fifteen cents a pound, because complete and unanimous boycotts of meat, as far back as

Lester Polakov

Batista of Cuba

fifteen years ago, have always blocked the strenuous efforts of our familiar trusts or of local monopolies to raise its price. In the same way bread and other necessities have been kept to reasonable levels, such struggles having occurred during and after the World War. Whole cities have simply ceased to use electricity in efforts to lower power prices, but here Electric Bond & Share has been more successful in maintaining rates even after the major partner and stooge, Gerardo Machado, ignominiously fled the presidency. Even the municipalities refused to pay light bills, with the company retaliating by cutting off the street lights. There was developing at the same time a fight for higher pay by the unions, which culminated in the successful taking over of the management of Cuba's electricity by the workers. Only recently, 152 employees, fired after the imperialists won control again, gained a victory, in their demand for reinstatement, in the next-to-highest court. A general strike precipitated the downfall of Machado, and a second one, in which payless school teachers played a leading part, required the abrogation of constitutional guarantees and the constitution itself, the suppression of numerous organizations, and a reign of terror notable in a country used to them, to consolidate power into a military dictatorship under Batista.

Growing numbers of Cuban small proprietors have seen that their requisites for survival are essentially revolutionary in content, and this was brought to a sharp political focus when a representative of the most liberal section of the Cuban ruling class and member of one of the oldest families, Miguel Mariano Gómez, was unceremoniously booted from the presidency by Wall Street interests working through the State Department and Colonel Batista last December. American imperialism had assiduously and apparently successfully cultivated the same illusions in the Cuban middle class that have such a strong hold on the middle class in the United States, but the more rapid impoverishment of the middle class in Cuba, directly through displacement by monopoly and indirectly through the desperately low purchasing power of the masses, is bringing about their enlightenment at a more rapid pace than in the U.S.A.

THE MAJORITY in congress, which ousted Miguel Mariano Gómez, blocked all efforts to prepare for an orderly election to the Constituent Assembly. This is necessary as a first step toward reform, because legally the Cuban government is not functioning under any of the various constitutions adopted in the past. Government is by decree-law. The majority has blocked the amnesty law, and is attempting to put through a swindle which would grant amnesty to Machado and his imperialist friends, while leaving in jail most of those who brought about Machado's downfall. Day by day a quorum fails to appear when any law embarrassing to the reactionaries is forced to the floor.

The minority in congress, led by young and active Eduardo Suarez Rivas, is fighting in every way possible under these conditions. Much of the periodical press and the radio is open to them and to the revolutionary parties, and while the majority basks in the approval of Wall Street sugar interests and hands out jobs to friends, the minority has the attention of the people.

This minority is encouraged by the rapid growth of the revolutionary parties. The Partido Revolucionario Cubano, of which one wing is led by ex-President Grau San Martín, now has an organ, the newspaper *Luz*. Before that the Aprista paper, *Futuro*, appeared, and earlier in 1937 the thrice-monthly *Mediodía*, now a political weekly with an island-wide circulation. The latter is devoted to the immediate goal of the united front of all the revolutionary parties, and with that aim has assisted the Partido Union Revolucionario to organize a rapidly growing membership which has been attracted by the simplicity and logic of its program. One of the still questionable elements in the opposition is the attitude of Grau San Martín, still a figure of the utmost prestige in Cuban affairs. He remains in Florida in spite of assurances by the government that he will not be harmed if he returns to Cuba, and gives out statements pleading for unity, provided

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that all concerned will give up their own organization and adopt in toto the principles and organizational discipline of his party. This proposition does not meet the approval of the more practical members of his own party, and large sections are splitting away to demand that they be allowed to join the Bloque Electoral, or united front, which has been joined by most of the other anti-imperialist parties.

Faced by this threat of unity, Batista has resorted to demagogy along two lines, both of them dangerous to him and his backers. He made the statement favoring loyalist Spain which will be mentioned later, and he proposed the *Plan Trienal,* or Three-Year Plan. This is a program of really meritorious reform, especially with reference to the land problem. It appears to be an effort to sidetrack public pressure from the necessary steps of reorganization of political parties (three are still illegal, as well as the Cuban Federation of Labor), amnesty for political prisoners, and elections to the Constituent Assembly. The Three-Year Plan remains only a proposal, and if it becomes a program backed by law would require much greater pressure from the people to enforce it than can now be enlisted for the labor laws already on the books. However, since there is nothing reactionary about the program itself, it becomes a rallying force by which ever greater sections of the population can be brought to consider rationally the problems before Cuba. It is thus being used by the anti-imperialists.

Trade unions have increased their influence, have gained much publicity for exposing the frequent flouting of the labor laws by foreign companies, and occasionally have won demands. Their publications are becoming increasingly militant, and some openly discuss Marxism. In addition, the Federation of Medical Doctors, illegally dispersed over a year ago, has been reorganized and no doubt will be a potent force for progress. It is significant that a professional directory advertisement in *Mediodía* last summer included nearly all the famous names in Cuban medicine.

WHILE MANY ASPECTS of the internal situation have contributed to set various sectors in motion, there is one external factor that more than any other single thing has crystallized opinion in Cuba on the question of unified action. That is the Spanish question.

On the question of Spain, the steady pressure of the people has extracted humiliating concessions from a military dictatorship that the world front of fascism was able to view with pride. Batista, who willingly impounded the Spanish ship *Manuel Arnus* against all legal rights and forbade meetings or collections for loyalist Spain, whose police used to arrest people listening to Madrid radio reports, has changed his tune if not his mind.

True, the *Arnus* is still in Havana harbor, and its crew of 110 finally left for Spain recently. The *Diario de la Marina,* oldest newspaper, the New York *Times* of Cuba, still publishes fascist lies. Its owner is a Requeté or monarchist who spent some time in Spain absorbing fascism from Franco. Circulation has decreased tremendously.

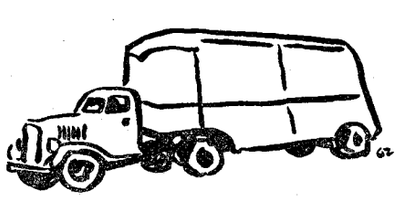
But the radio, which last winter was only digging slyly at Franco, has for six months been openly and unanimously for loyalist Spain. So have the "family" weeklies, of which there are several.

The pent-up strength of the sentiment for Spain has been expressing itself in ever-stronger manifestations. Initiated by the Spanish Democratic Center, of which the Spanish Socialist Circle, with its newspaper *Claridad,* is the most active member, collections have been organized for some time in spite of government disapproval. They were started as subscriptions to "bonds," but are now frankly contributions to the loyalist cause. For months meetings of all Spanish societies, those purely social included, were forbidden by Batista. Now great mass meetings are held in all the cities and towns. These culminated in the visit of Marcelino Domingo, former secretary of education in Spain, early in September. At his talk in Havana, sixty thousand were present, paying twenty cents apiece. This address was broadcast over several radio stations, including the largest. Lengthy extracts were commented on in many news reports, and radio programs were full of Marcelino Domingo for weeks before and after his appearance.

Yielding to this pressure even before it manifested such strength, Batista issued a statement last summer. He said, in considerable detail which left no doubt as to his meaning, that he had been a part of a people's movement against their oppressors in Cuba, and that naturally he favored the legal government of Spain which he was convinced represented the cause of the people against their oppressors.

It would be ridiculous to expect any real concrete governmental action to result from this demagogy, and of course none was forthcoming. In fact, only the other day Cuba's representative joined the other Latin American dictatorships in shamefully refusing a council seat in the League of Nations to Spain. But the statement is noteworthy as showing how far from realizing the fascist "ideal" the military dictatorship in Cuba remains, cut off as it is from any mass base, lacking any effective race prejudice to exploit, and without dreams of military conquest, past or future, to dangle before the people.

Two of the most important radio stations have two one-hour news broadcasts daily. CMQ long wave, COCQ short wave (9.70), is especially good for news of Cuban politics and long anti-militarist and anti-imperialist comment. CMK long wave, COCHX short wave (9.43) of General Electric, can be depended on morning and afternoon for the complete official Madrid and Valencia radio news, together with many editorial comments attacking Franco, Hitler, and Mussolini, as well as speeches by opposition leaders fighting for a return to civil democracy in Cuba. This station broadcasts from the roof garden of the Hotel Plaza, most centrally located large tourist hotel in Havana. Its lobby is generally crowded with prosperous individuals who in their own United States fight to keep their radio purged of such democratic influences.



George Zaetz

A conspicuous effect of this awareness of the situation in Spain is the decrease in Red-baiting. Communism has become associated in the minds of Americans with many progressive moves, because so many popular figures have been victims of the Red scare. The Cuban press never made that mistake. The "Reds" were all gangsters and cut-throats to it, and the air of mystery about a new, weak, and illegal party aided the campaign of vilification. The Red scare was, however, used to the limit in the Spanish situation, and the people of Cuba are being instructed as to who it is that shouts hysterically against the Communists, just as the people of the United States are learning it from internal politics.

The fascists have never been able to hold a public meeting in Cuba. Collections of money from reactionaries and their dupes have been made for Franco, but it is reported that one trusted emissary bearing $50,000 stayed in France with the money, and that the next trustee bearing $50,000 changed his mind on the way and ended up in Valencia with the money for the government cause. The Falange Español, which represents the most brutal anti-working-class elements in Spain, has an office in Havana, but is considerably subdued by attacks from the progressive press.

WHAT NEXT? It is true that the popular upsurge is great, but imperialism abetted by native reaction remains in the saddle. A great and unified show of force is still necessary to extract even small concessions. For great advances a first condition is the unity of progressive and democratic Cuba. Then must come a working alliance with the progressive forces of the United States. The more unity in Cuba, the greater will the international unity become.

At the present moment, the focal point of the opposition is aimed at the elections to the House of Representatives. That election has again been fixed for March 5, but the set-up is just as fraudulent as was planned for the postponed January election. The Gómez and Menocal followers are thoroughly disgusted, and disgust in Latin America frequently takes the form of abstention. The future hinges on the continued growth of popular sentiment against Batista and his Wall Street mentors. There is every indication that this may be counted upon, in which event Batista is likely to find that his electoral conspiracy was a boomerang. Will Batista then take the road of Vargas or will the popular movement overwhelm him ? Therein lies the destiny of Cuba today.

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The Peace Congress

By Theodore Draper

THE outstanding fact about the recent congress of the American League for Peace and Democracy is its impact on the rest of the peace movement.

A large part of the peace movement in this country is neither for peace nor a movement. Forty organizations are clustered around the National Peace Conference. The majority of these are committed to objectives with not the remotest relation to peace. They view peace and opposition to fascism as incompatible. Hence, on the basis, peace can be achieved only through surrender to fascism.

Their influence is practically limited to the upper middle class. They constitute a movement not so much in membership as in lobbying prowess. Abundant funds make their legislative activity possible and their effectiveness is not to be scorned. The worst of these influences is Frederick J. Libby, secretary of the National Council for the Prevention of War and leader of an important bloc in the National Peace Conference.

The American League for Peace and Democracy is as yet outside the National Peace Conference. It stands outside through no fault of its own. In political outlook and program, it was built on different lines. The American League has always maintained that war and fascism cannot be separated either in theory or practice, and that to yield to fascism means to invite further aggression. This view clashes with the familiar theory about the Haves and Have-Nots, according to which the only way to avoid war is to convert the Have-Nots into Haves by giving them colonies, raw materials, and prestige. Ethiopia should have written finis to this theory. Italy, allegedly one of the Have-Not nations, now has Libya and Ethiopia, surely adequate credentials for the Society of Haves. But Mussolini, unsatisfied, rushed into Spain, and success there will certainly send him after even higher stakes elsewhere.

The Pittsburgh congress was a splendid cross-section of America, with something more than thirteen hundred delegates. The delegates were notable in two ways. First, their decisions can be studied for the type of leadership they reveal. Secondly, the delegates themselves can be studied as barometers of the mood and mind of the broad masses. Actually these two go together. But it is well to keep the second in mind because it gave the Congress an extra social dimension. There has been ferment and a shift in viewpoint among the people that was reflected in Pittsburgh.

At the previous congress in Cleveland, last year, there were strong though confused sentiments for some type of neutrality. The central resolution adopted there supported mandatory neutrality legislation, though without an isolationist bias. It was probably true that just that sort of groping for peace within the framework of neutrality claimed the majority of the American people at that time.

Now that has changed. You could hear it, feel it, sense it, at Pittsburgh. One good indication of this new awareness was the speech of Dr. Reinhold Niebuhr of the Union Theological Seminary. Professor Niebuhr began by enumerating the specific aggressions or threats of aggression which constitute the world crisis today. It was plain that all had fascist derivations. He deplored the inhibitions of the democratic nations, stressed that the fascists worked on a shoe-string, but insisted that the latter would be even more formidable when they had won empires. The dictators gained their ends by bluffing; Dr. Niebuhr argued: "The only way to stay out of war is to take the risk and call the bluff of the dictators."

There is some doubt in my own mind whether Dr. Niebuhr stated his case in the best terms. It is not a case of trading bluffs but simply of refusing to be partners to a crime. Nyon showed that a firm hand succeeds; the bluff of Brussels failed. This matter of interpretation aside, the substance of Dr. Niebuhr's speech was distinctly heartening when he said, "We need a united front of all on the basis of their peace and on the basis of their hunger." After an analysis that might have been different last year, there was reason to believe that he was representative of a popular trend away from isolation.

So went virtually all the speeches, especially, with a fine clarity, that of the chairman, Dr. Harry F. Ward. A session of trade unionists was equally revealing. More than four hundred were present, A. F. of L., C.I.O., and the railway unions. Heavy industry around Pittsburgh and the New York unions were exceedingly well represented. If there were any isolationists among them, they could not be heard. None asked to speak. Now this was really remarkable. At the previous congress, with a third as many unionists, neutrality sentiment was still strong. At this congress, with a genuine union foundation, the swing away from neutrality was unmistakable.

The upshot is that the American League has revised its program. Actually, the old program never had any but a paper life. It was no sooner adopted than the war in Spain broke out. That war confronted the organization with the choice of aiding Spain without neutrality or surrendering to fascism with neutrality. Few wavered. The new program sums up this development with its demand for a foreign policy based on:

The distinction between the aggressor and his victim.

The necessity of denying our economic resources to the war-making, treaty-breaking aggressor and opening them up to his victim under conditions designed to reduce the risk of our being drawn into war.

The necessity of concerted action to quarantine the aggressor.

In the preamble to its new constitution, the league invites the membership of all organizations and individuals who will subscribe to two main purposes:

Protect and extend democratic rights for all sections of the American people;

Keep the United States out of war and help keep war out of the world.

There is little likelihood that the attacks from certain quarters against the league will cease. It is true that some of the pretexts for attacks were voided by the Pittsburgh congress. No political parties will be permitted to join the league until several signify their intention to join. The Communist Party, hitherto the only affiliated political party, has amicably withdrawn until this condition is satisfied. The change in name, from the American League Against War and Fascism, will please those who have maintained that positive goals were needed in the name. But it would be folly to think that the Norman Thomases, Frederick Libbys, and Bruce Blivens are as yet prepared to accept the programs for which the American League stands in 1938.

Hope lies elsewhere. The sweep away from isolationism which registered with so much force and clarity at Pittsburgh is bound to have repercussions elsewhere. Popular sentiment on this question has changed and other organizations will reflect this change as fascism continues to near the borders of the United States. One sign of the times was the speech of welcome and endorsement delivered by an official representative of Pittsburgh's Mayor Scully, a New Deal Democrat elected with C.I.O. support. Still another was the tremendous increase in trade union representation. Those who seek to trade on their prestige in the labor movement will have to reckon with this fact.

Even within the National Peace Conference, a serious disagreement is maturing. Mr. Libby, who has held the organization in tow by the simple expedient of threatening to withdraw his bloc, may find that his ultimatum may no longer work. It would seem that America has changed and is changing in its awareness of the interdependence between world politics and American peace. In this transition, two events stand out. One was President Roosevelt's "quarantine" speech in early October. The other is the Pittsburgh Congress of the American League for Peace and Democracy in late November.

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Fred Ellis

FORGOTTEN MAN

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Tension Grows in Cuba

THE situation in Cuba, as forecast in the article by Cristobal Davis in this issue, is fast coming to a head. The Batista dictatorship, confronted with the growing militancy of the popular movement, has begun to take steps against some of the most important manifestations of the democratic groundswell. Late cables state that President Bru has ordered a stop to all activities in behalf of the Spanish loyalists. That these activities had reached formidable proportions is shown by Mr. Davis. It would appear that Colonel Batista, who found it advisable to issue a pro-loyalist statement last summer, has decided that the Cuban people were putting his own regime in jeopardy by drawing the necessary conclusions about Spain in terms of their own situation.

The ban on pro-loyalist activity indicates that the coming election, now set for March 5, will be as fraudulent as the republican parties charge. The followers of both General Menocal and former President Gomez have decided to boycott the election because the set-up prevents any genuine referendum. From this distance it appears that Cuba has entered another critical period with the political stage set as described by Mr. Davis.

Bought and Paid For

ANOTHER sign of the times in Cuba was the much-discussed Section XII of the New York *Herald Tribune* several weeks ago, a forty-page blurb whitewashing the dictatorship. This section, obviously paid advertising (but nowhere labeled as such) was palmed off as "written and presented by friends of Cuba."

The story of the whole shady deal is told in the current issue of the *Guild Reporter,* published by the American Newspaper Guild. It seems that Donald Bridge, advertising director of the New York *Times,* sent the following confidential memo to his staff, as reproduced in the *Guild Reporter:*

Cables and letters from Havana report that the section was arranged for directly with Batista and the Cuban army Propaganda Bureau, which gathered the material lathering the Batista regime with praise. The intermediary in the deal was one de Besa (also referred to as de Besault). It has been further reported de Besa worked with Marine, aide to Batista. A page article in the section (page 38) gives Marine credit for developing boxing in the island.

One Havana report states that the price paid to the *Herald Tribune* was "between $25,000 and $30,000." This figure lacks definite confirmation. The propaganda in the section was designed to promote favorable opinion in the United States for the Batista army regime which is endeavoring to set up a fascist "three year plan." Batista, according to private Havana reports, is seeking to "find a way to establish a national bank and start printing his own currency, which would probably be disastrous to American investments on the island."

The *Herald Tribune* requested in a letter to Media Records that every line of the forty pages be measured as "advertising regularly charged and paid for." There was no display or other advertising in the section—only "news" articles and pictures. The section did not carry anywhere the word "advertisement," which, according to Paragraph 2, Section 537 of the Postal Regulations, must be printed on every page if the news text is paid for. Washington reports that the *Herald Tribune* has been cited for violation of the law. It also is reported from Washington that other departments will ask explanation of use of pictures of President Roosevelt and Secretary Hull and other members of the Cabinet and extracts from their speeches (in space paid for as propaganda) coupled with the newspaper's request that they be measured as advertising.

Delbos's Grand Tour

FOREIGN MINISTER DELBOS's grand tour of eastern Europe is the third act of a diplomatic drama, the significance of which depends upon one's interpretation of the preceding two. What we know makes the trip exciting and important, but what we can only guess makes it somewhat obscure. What is now taking place in Warsaw was hatched at previous conferences in Berlin and London but of these no completely reliable version as yet exists.

The first-act curtain rose on Lord Halifax in Berlin for conversations with Hitler. Hitler was supposed to have demanded a free hand in eastern Europe, meaning Czechoslovakia and Austria, in return for a postponement of the Nazis' colonial demands. Halifax then hurried home to report on the negotiations, but here the scene grew dim. In one version, the British were willing to give Hitler what he wanted but in another they were nonplussed at the idea that they were expected to go from the frying pan in eastern Europe to the fire of colonial exchanges only six years hence.

The second act opened with Delbos in London for Franco-British consultations on the basis of the Halifax-Hitler conversations. The British allegedly tried to induce the French to give up eastern Europe while Delbos, also allegedly, was disposed to talk colonies (British) with the Nazis.

Then opened the present act with the first scene in Warsaw and succeeding scenes laid in Bucharest, Belgrade, Prague, and perhaps Budapest. Here again interpretations vary. Delbos may be trying to induce the Little Entente and Poland to compromise with and conciliate Germany. Or he may be repairing broken-down French fences in eastern Europe on the basis of an assurance by Great Britain that Nazi expansion east is *verboten.*

The best evidence seems to point to an anti-Nazi rather than pro-Nazi interpretation. The objective obstacles to any program of conciliation between Czechoslovakia and Germany seem to prohibit any other course. It is a testimony to the shabby and self-destructive diplomacy hitherto pursued by the democratic powers of Europe that the cables should be loaded with such evidently contradictory and two-way interpretations on events of the utmost magnitude.

What Mr. Price Meant

INSTEAD of taking a day off, getting some extra sleep and cooling down, as we were advised by the doctors at the *New Republic,* we decided on some extra work and more of that tired feeling. We reread the *New Republic's* piece by Willard Price about "Japan's 'Divine Mission'," our own editorial, and the *New Republic's* comment last week.

Mr. Price's article, we are told, was supposed to be "a striking description of the Japanese state of mind." Actually it was a striking description of Mr. Price's state of mind, one disposed to honor the present invasion of China as a "crusade" of an "essentially religious and spiritual" character.

It occurs to us—it's just a suggestion—that it might be well for the *New Republic* to add a little note to each article telling readers what the editors think it means.

Who Opposes What

THE end of the sit-down in the General Motors Pontiac plant has provided the liberal press with an opportunity to lecture the United Auto Workers. Conceding that the motor companies should make at least a pretense of abiding by their contracts with the workers, the newspapers have nevertheless placed the main responsibility for "unauthorized" strikes on the men.

The campaign was aided somewhat by Homer Martin, president of the United

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Auto Workers, who neglected to make clear at the outset that the recent sit-down in Pontiac occurred in spontaneous retaliation for General Motor's repeated violations of agreements with the U.A.W. Instead, Martin, misled into attempting to embarrass militants in the auto union, overstressed the unauthorized aspect of the strike. In this he was spurred on by a small clique of disrupting Lovestonites who have appropriated to themselves the function of Red-baiting in the auto union.

Currently, the Lovestonites have acquired a new spokesman in Louis Stark, labor reporter of the New York *Times*. When Stark went to Detroit, he was cornered by William Munger, Lovestonite editor of the *United Auto Worker*. In place of analyzing the situation in the U.A.W., Stark assumed the unenviable role of ghost-writing for Munger. Stark went so far as to unearth a mythical plot to control the U.A.W. from New York. The leaders of this plot, according to Stark, were all elected officers in the U.A.W. living in the Middle West and the most active organizers of the union.

Prodded on by Munger, Stark indulged in still other scares. "A proposal that the U.A.W. should declare 'guerrilla warfare' on G.M. . . . has been made by those union leaders who are members of the Communist Party or adhere to the 'party line'," Stark reported. Yet Wyndham Mortimer, vice-president of the U.A.W. and one of the leaders accused by Stark, had declared the day before: "I wish to state that contrary to certain reports there is and could be no difference of opinion in the international executive board on the question of unauthorized strikes. The board is unanimous in its opposition to such strikes." And Earl Browder, general secretary of the Communist Party, had written two days earlier, "In the present situation, unauthorized strikes breaking out in sporadic factories play into the hands of General Motors. . . . The removal of . . . abuses which exist in all General Motors plants demands united, disciplined action under the leadership of the international officers and the general executive board."

Stark's charge that Communists are trying to oust Homer Martin is also false. Though William Z. Foster in the *Daily Worker* recently criticized the U.A.W.'s failure to make greater advances in organizing the Ford Motor Co. on the grounds that "elaborate organizing plans were adopted, but still no real organizing was done," and though Foster added that this weakness was due to "the retarding effect of serious factionalism within the union," he emphasized that to overcome this weakness "the Communists in the auto industry will vigorously support every step of President Martin towards these desirable ends."

Far from opposing all of Martin's policies, the Communists advocate a disciplined, coördinated union which can fulfill the desires and needs of the rank and file. They stress that the U.A.W. must energetically consolidate the victories won over General Motors and Chrysler early this year, must extend these victories, and must safeguard and reinforce them by invading Ford's anti-labor stronghold. President Martin will have the full support of the Communists in the U.A.W. and of all militant trade unionists in every step he takes toward this goal. Only the Lovestonites—and Ford—will oppose such a program.

An Election Forecast

ON December 12 one hundred million Soviet citizens will elect the first Supreme Soviet under the new constitution. It is possible to forecast now that those who observe legislative bodies in capitalist countries in Europe and America will find the composition of this Soviet parliament refreshingly novel.

There will be no pettifoggers, no shysters, no spellbinders, no pot-bellied politicians, no silver-tongued demogogues, no parliamentary hirelings of predatory interests. The deputies in both houses of the Supreme Soviet—the two houses being equal, not "upper" and "lower"—will simply be the best people in the land, "best" in the very best democratic-Soviet sense, and best as they have proved themselves to their fellow workers.

There will be celebrated miners like Stakhanov, automobile workers like Busygin, metal workers like Mazai, beet growers like Demchenko, shoe workers like Smetanin, tractor drivers like Angelina, cotton growers like Ali-Ago-Yusup. There will be world-renowned actors like Moskvin, writers like Alexei Tolstoy, scientists like the Academicians Lysenko and Komarov, surgeons like Burdenko, fliers like Kamanin. There will be Red Army officers like Budyonny and Blücher. There will be Cavaliers of the Order of Lenin, of the Order of the Red Banner, of the Order of the Red Star. The men and women who will sit in the Supreme Soviet and wield final legislative authority will be people of recognized achievement in every imaginable field of endeavor, people whose names and features are known and admired in the remotest corners of the vast country. That's the election forecast for the Soviet Union.

W. Millus

An Attack on Picketing

NOT so long ago, Meier Steinbrink was retained by the Brooklyn *Eagle* as its attorney. Today Meier Steinbrink is a supreme court justice who rules that striking members of the American Newspaper Guild must cease picketing merchants who advertise in, and so support, the scab-run Brooklyn *Eagle*.

Justice Steinbrink's decision, if sustained, would go a long way to cancel the right to picket and to nullify the intention of the Wagner Labor Relations Act. The Guild will of course appeal, and meanwhile, in the words of Allen S. Haywood, regional director of the C.I.O., will continue to picket "wherever it deems necessary to get results."

It is important to note that the New York *Post* and the *World-Telegram*, always loud in their expressed devotion to organized labor, suggested the ban before Justice Steinbrink had issued his decision. These papers evidently fear the picketing of advertisers as a precedent dangerous to themselves.

Unity Still Far Off

THE conference aiming at unity between the A. F. of L. and the C.I.O. collapsed last week. Clearly, the A. F. of L. executive council does not want unity. At the Denver convention last fall, Hutcheson, Frey, Woll, Wharton, and the other reactionary councilmen declared their resolve to outlaw all consideration of means to end the division in labor's ranks. Only rank-and-file indignation forced them to accept the C.I.O.'s invitation to discuss unity. They realized that a refusal to confer with the C.I.O. meant a mass revolt which would threaten their hold on the craft

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unions. In the negotiations, the A. F. of L. officials attempted to snarl the C.I.O. in the same jurisdictional squabbles that have long contributed to the A. F. of L.'s weakness. Before Green's final meeting, the executive council summoned him before them, and as a result of this consultation there was a temporary collapse of all negotiations.

The executive council has postponed an official statement of the breakdown until December 21. Pressure from both C.I.O. and A. F. of L. unions can compel the renewal of the discussions.

Progress and Poverty

THE Bureau of Labor Statistics reports that changes in textile equipment between 1910 and 1936 have made it possible to increase the output of cotton textiles per man-hour by 55.4 percent. This labor economy is achieved largely at the expense of skilled workers. In a recently discussed study the bureau compared operations and labor requirements in plants producing 541,500 yards of sheeting in two forty-hour shifts.

Spinning and weaving departments showed the sharpest reductions in skilled personnel; the number of spinners needed declined from one hundred and twelve to forty-six in 1936, while only forty-four weavers were needed in the latter year as against one hundred and forty in 1910. These and other changes involved both the complete elimination of many skilled occupations and the substitution of unskilled workers in other tasks. Some apologists have blamed the miserable wage-scales in cotton mills on the relatively slow technological development of the industry. Judging from the bureau's findings a faster rate of progress would promise very little to textile workers.

It is indicative also of the intensified exploitation of labor that the last six months of 1936 brought an increase of 48 percent over 1935 in "the number of fourteen- and fifteen-year-old children receiving first regular employment certificates," according to figures submitted to the Federal Children's Bureau from twelve states, the District of Columbia, and seventy-six cities in eighteen states where there have been no basic changes in child labor laws. And needless to say, reports of shockingly low wages go hand in hand with this increase—hourly averages between 14 and 17 cents and weekly earnings of $2.87 round out this somber picture.

The Right to Live, the Right to Work

THE sabotaging strategy of monopoly capital, through its representatives in and out of Congress is to spin out the days of the special session and prevent the enactment of the President's program of social legislation. Three weeks of the session are gone, and nothing has been accomplished that offers any immediate help to the millions of American workers who sink deeper every day into the misery of unemployment. With enormous effort the wages and hours bill has been wrestled out of the Rules Committee, and now it faces an ordeal of amendments and parliamentary manipulation that may emasculate it still further and perhaps prevent its passage altogether. Meanwhile hunger does not wait. While the reactionaries raise one obstacle after another in the way of a law that would help the many millions who are paid less than an endurable living wage, and who are worked inhumanly long hours, unemployment increases as the big corporations continue to lay off workers.

The failure of the present session of Congress to make any headway toward the very goals for which it was convened is due, in part, to the failure of the President to take aggressive measures in behalf of his own announced program. Indeed, President Roosevelt has not stopped his retreat before reaction; the latest example of his indecision, a proposed cut of $500,000,000 in the relief appropriation, can only increase the suffering among the one third of the people about whom he has so frequently expressed his solicitude.

In such a grave situation labor either acts or accepts defeat, and the most progressive section of American labor—"the main body"—has swung into action. John L. Lewis's statement of the great and growing peril that faces us all today has the ring of a historic document. We give it in full:

> The time has come when the American labor movement faces a new wave of unemployment among American workers.
>
> One of the great principles for which labor in America stands is the right of every man and woman to have a job, to earn a living if they are willing to work. Upon this principle, it becomes the duty of American labor to face with courage and realism the fact that America is threatened today with unemployment more bitter than ever before in our history.
>
> Even in the putative prosperity of the last year, millions of our people were out of work. And now in the past three months the great basic industries of our country have closed down their production, in some cases with greater rapidity than ever before.
>
> The C.I.O. as the main body of American labor, accepts the duty of representing its people who are out of work. It takes the responsibility of presenting their case to the nation. It is a case that concerns every citizen. The economic nation cannot live in health unless the case of those without work is solved vigorously, intelligently—now.
>
> Already a call has gone out to all C.I.O. organizations urging the establishment of agencies to deal with unemployed members of our unions. When these committees are set up, the job has only begun. We will not stint our energies.
>
> A citizen of the United States has a right to live. He has a right to work. If the corporations which control American industry in their management of industry's affairs fail to provide that work, then there must be some power somewhere in this land of ours that will go over and above and beyond those corporations and their inadequate policies, and provide a job and insure the workers the right to live.

There is such a power, and it is the organized might of the producers of wealth—farmers and workers, whether in steel mills or in offices. The irresistible pressure of the people swept Hoover and the unteachable bourbons he represented out of office; it supported and maintained Roosevelt in office to carry out a socially necessary legislative program. The people are now feeling their way, slowly but with a sure instinct, toward unity of all their forces. The fact that within two years such an enormous change has come about in this country as enables the leader of the C.I.O. to speak—and to speak accurately—of the industrially organized workers as "the main body of American labor" is undeniable proof of the new fighting spirit of the American people.

Labor has supported President Roosevelt on the strength of his progressive program. But the labor movement does not set its pace by the President's, nor permit itself to be hamstrung by his current backsliding.

The unemployment census conducted by the government is still being tabulated, but so swiftly is the recession developing that figures based on the census of November will be altogether inadequate by January. The C.I.O. is now conducting its own unemployment census, but this will be more than a fact-finding enterprise. The C.I.O. is embarked on a campaign of representing and helping the unemployed, of concentrating all its power on pushing through the wages and hours bill and other needed legislation. By its activities on behalf of its own members, it will set in motion enormous numbers of American workers still not organized in unions, but who will recognize the need of organization as they feel the effects of growing unemployment and realize that they, too, have "the right to live" and "the right to work."

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FORSYTHE'S PAGE

The Unsmiling Russians

WHEN I mentioned last spring that I might go abroad for a few weeks, the laughter which followed rebounded from the cliffs of the Palisades and broke windows all along Riverside Drive. It seemed to be generally agreed that while everybody else in the universe should be as well acquainted with Vienna as I am with Union City, N. J., it was very ludicrous to think of me in the vast continent of Europe. Among my radical friends there were those who spoke with regret of the fact that they would not be along to lead me around, having the thought that they would renew their youth in the general exuberance of my amazement. As for my conservative acquaintances, they said only that I'd get cured of my nonsense about communism once I had seen Russia. To all I may report that I have been and returned, and people on the boat coming back were astonished at my aplomb and sang froid. My report on the Soviet Union is even briefer: I thought it was a great place and I'm more in favor of Russia than ever.

What made me one of the most sensational tourists who ever covered Europe was the determination not to let foreigners bother me. The French irritated the pants off me. I could gladly have rolled lighted bombs down Unter den Linden. I should have slain a Polish custom official for practically disrobing my wife in an attempt to discover valuta. And there were Russian waiters who might easily have been tripped while bearing in a tray after a two hours' wait. But in all cases I restrained myself. When I inform my faithful readers that not even the English could arouse me to my full stature of fury, general comprehension will begin to grow over the transcendental nature of this journey among the outlanders. There were only two occasions upon which I stood upon the inalienable right of an American citizen to make a fool of himself: (a) when a German conductor wanted to charge me four marks for being on an extra-fare train. The louder he yelled *supplement* . . . Supp-lee-mahnt, the louder I yelled NO, BY GOD, and I want to inform all my friends on this side of the water that I still haven't paid the four marks. And (b) when they wouldn't let us into the diner on a French train because we didn't have some sort of special ticket. I got that meal also by the honest use of a naturally robust voice. I shouted down two of the finest Alsatian screamers in that part of France and got, for my pains, one of the worst meals ever cooked in this universe.

If these people who are now reading Eugene Lyons and other critics of the Soviet Union would only have waited for my report, I could have made them superlatively happy by making a list a yard long of what is wrong with Russia according to our American ideas. I could have compiled that list and ended it with the statement that I wouldn't trade Soviet Russia for any two countries in Europe. I have not previously written about my Russian trip because on my return Joshua Kunitz was writing for this weekly that remarkable series of articles on the Soviet Union. They tell in a concrete way what I felt most impressively when I was in Russia. What is the use of arguing with these people who are determined to hate the Soviet Union? Their feelings matter not the slightest to the Russians and are merely a repetition of what has been said every day for twenty years, *i.e.*, Russia is a ruin, the people are unhappy, the people never laugh, the people are starving, socialism is a failure, Stalin is a monster. Well, the people of Russia do laugh and I laugh with them. To my friends here I say only these words about the Soviet Union: Don't worry; they're going to make it; you can't defeat people like that. Whenever you see a particularly vicious attack on Soviet Russia, read it and enjoy it. It doesn't mean a thing. They're going to win. It's a cinch.

After that testimonial I can go on to tell you that Moscow is one of the most cockeyed places in the world. If there are people who insist that Russia must be destroyed, I can inform them that so far as Moscow is concerned they will have their wish in ten years if the motor traffic in that city continues to grow. The streets are wide and they are continually adding squares which look like our Columbus Circle, those gargantuan areas where the stop-and-go lights change three times while you're crossing the street and where the pedestrian is assaulted from front and rear by motorists coming from five directions and honking their horns like a demented army of Dude Lesters. They will probably adjust traffic conditions just as New York has done with Madison Square, but otherwise the great experiment of socialism will adjust itself practically automatically.

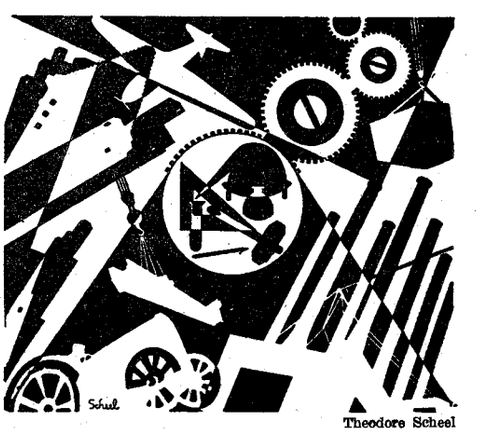
What interested me most was the matter of the non-laughing Russians. At the Kaganovich Ball-Bearing Plant, I met a group coming off shift and they were singing as they walked and laughing at the tops of their voices. While going through a building at the plant, I came upon some girls in an office who were evidently congratulating one of their companions on getting married. The hilarity here was well assumed and was doubtless done by a trained group brought in from Prague. The uproarious laughter I heard at the Park of Culture and Rest on the opening night of the great new film, *Peter the First,* was also fine laughing by professionals. How the government could afford twenty thousand laughers just to impress a few foreigners is a problem, but it was certainly worth all the expense. It completely fooled me, and here is an article to prove that I have been taken in by propaganda.

The first thing the Muscovites do is drag you down to see the subway. The stations look like a wing in the Metropolitan Museum, with statuary by Michelangelo in niches along the walls, and the whole thing is so spotlessly clean that you could eat off the platforms. Visitors are inclined to smile at the eager pride of the Russians about such things but that needn't annoy the Russians. They built the subway with their own hands while everybody laughed at them for trying, and they have another section about to be opened and a third under construction.

Furthermore, Americans are the last people to smile over anybody's pioneer pride; we're just recovering from that ourselves. We were proud of our big buildings and are still, perhaps a bit secretly but nevertheless profoundly, proud of them. After the gray monotony of London with its miles of middle-class respectability and dullness, it is a great stimulus to the mind to see the skyline of Manhattan Island.

They are beginning to build the Palace of the Soviets in Moscow and I hope they make it three miles high and if possible leaning a bit to the left like the tower of Pisa. Bad taste? Don't worry about that; there are times in history when taste is a matter of dispute. I want the citizens of the Soviet Union to be so damned proud of that building, they'll practically bust. They can tear it down twenty years from now if they want to, but right at this juncture in history they are entitled to it. It can be a symbol of their pride, and never in the history of the world has there been a people with more right to their pride.

ROBERT FORSYTHE.



Theodore Scheel

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This Unique Soviet Democracy

By Joshua Kunitz

DECEMBER 6 marked the first anniversary of the adoption of the new Soviet constitution, and under it, on December 12, the first all-Union elections are being held. The constitution has been characterized by Soviet spokesmen, without reservation, as the most democratic in the world. What do they mean by that sweeping assertion?

The new, the really unique thing about the Soviet constitution is that it places its entire emphasis on creating the *material base* for the full and multiform exercise of all those democratic rights which bourgeois democracy often proclaims but never realizes. As Molotov summarized it at the Congress of Soviets, whoever wants to convince himself of the democracy of the Soviet system should always bear in mind the main thing; and, in the final analysis, the main thing is the people's ownership and democratic management of all the means of production, distribution, and exchange—the lands, the factories, the shops, the forests, the rivers, the banks, the means of communication, etc.

The bourgeoisie once fought under the slogans "liberty, equality, fraternity" and "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." But those remained mere slogans, beautiful words. What the masses of the working population actually won was, at the very best, not real, but nominal equality. As to the pursuit of happiness, it has always remained a pursuit of a will-o'-the wisp.

In the conception of the bourgeois ideologists, democracy still means that each individual is deemed equal to every other individual in the eyes of the law and the state. The landlord is equal to the tenant, the capitalist to the worker, the parasite to the producer—they are all equally at liberty to luxuriate in palaces or crouch in hovels, to go yachting in the South Seas or toil in sweatshops, to gorge themselves into a stupor or starve to death. "The law in its majestic equality," was Anatole France's sardonic comment, "forbids rich and poor alike—to sleep under arches; to beg in the streets; and to steal bread."

And Stalin, in his conversation with Roy Howard in March 1936 had similar words to say about the "personal liberties" enjoyed by the poor in capitalist countries. "It is difficult for me to imagine," Stalin said, "what 'personal liberty' is enjoyed by an unemployed person who goes about hungry and cannot find employment. Real liberty can exist only where exploitation has been abolished, where there is no oppression of some by others, where a man is not haunted by the fear of being tomorrow deprived of work, of home, and of bread. Only in such a society is real, and not paper, personal and every other liberty possible." In the light of these words one can appreciate the full democratic import of the new Soviet constitution and the fundamental difference between bourgeois and socialist democracy.

The new constitution registers the all-significant fact that in the Soviet Union all capitalists, landlords, kulaks, speculators—all classes that fatten on the labor of others, have been eliminated as factors in the economic life of the country. "Work is the honorable duty of every able-bodied citizen, according to the principle: He who does not work, neither shall he eat." Add to this the provisions which balance the *duty* to work by guaranteeing the precious *right* to work, as well as the rights to rest, leisure, education, maintenance in old age and in case of sickness or loss of capacity to work, and you have a combination of laws and guarantees which no bourgeois constitution, however liberal, democratic, and progressive, can even remotely approach.

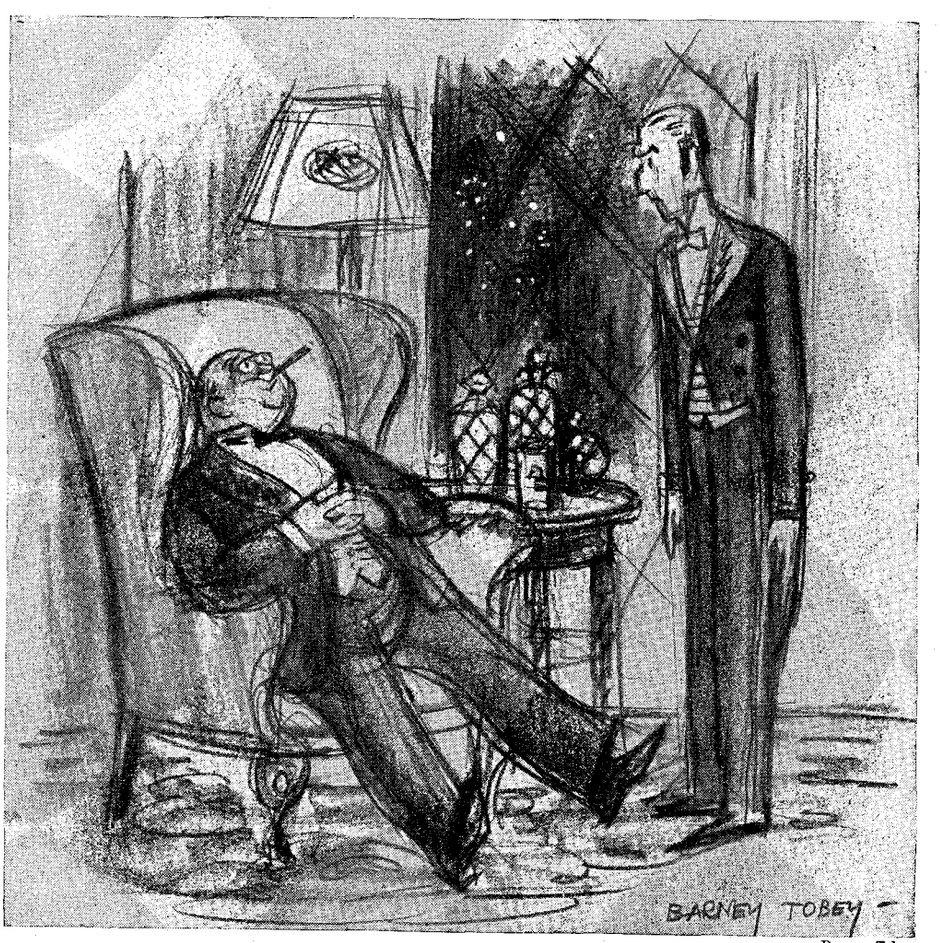
And these, it should be emphasized, are no empty boasts, no futile vaporings about liberty, equality, and fraternity. They are real rights which are supported by tangible guarantees.

Thus Article 118 of the constitution reads: "The right to work is ensured by the socialist organization of the national economy, the steady growth of the productive forces of Soviet society, the absence of economic crises, and the abolition of unemployment. . . ."

Does this square with the facts? A cursory glance at the following data will, I hope, suggest the answer:

1. *Socialist organization of national economy.* This year fully 99 percent of the total income of the Soviet population was derived from socialist forms of economy, and the income grew from 24.4 billion rubles in 1928 to an indicated figure of 94.7 billions in 1937.

2. *Growth of productive forces.* Since the beginning of the crisis in the capitalist world, the Soviet Union has risen to the first place in Europe in industrial production, rising above the 1929 (pre-crisis) level of all European countries in the production of electrical energy, oil, iron and magnesium ore, cast iron, steel, rolled iron, superphosphates, automobile



Barney Tobey

"This Soviet equality is a bare-faced fraud, Jeffries. Where would you and I figure if (God forbid) we lived in Russia?"

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trucks, tractors, combine harvesters, agricultural implements, railroad cars, lathes, etc. Productivity of industrial labor increased by 41 percent during the First Five-Year Plan and by 36 percent more during the first three years of the Second Five-Year Plan. The first half of 1936 in comparison with the first half of 1935 showed a further increase of 26.1 percent—the result of the spread of the Stakhanov movement.

3. *No economic crises or unemployment.* Since 1928, the number of workers and employees in the Soviet Union has risen from 11.6 million to 26.3 million in 1937. And still there is a distinct shortage of labor in Soviet industry. The wage fund this year exceeded 78,000 million rubles, an increase of 9.5 times compared to 1928.

Obviously, Article 118 deals not with fiction but with fact. Now read Articles 119 and 120 and 122: "The right to rest and leisure . . . the right to maintenance in old age, as well as in case of sickness or loss of capacity to work . . . are ensured by the reduction of the working day to seven hours for the overwhelming majority of the workers, the institution of annual vacations with pay for workers and other employees, the provision of a wide network of sanatoria, rest homes, and clubs serving the needs of the toilers, the wide development of social insurance of workers and other employees at state expense, free medical service. . . ." Taking cognizance of the special problem of women, the constitution, in addition to guaranteeing women all the rights enjoyed by men, also provides for "state protection of the interests of mother and child," for "pregnancy leave with pay," and for a wide and expanding "network of maternity homes, nurseries, and kindergartens."

Do *these* articles square with the facts? Let us glance at some data again:

1. *Rest homes and sanatoria.* By 1937 all Soviet workers and employees had between two and four weeks of paid vacations. Those who were in need of special rest or treatment were sent, free of charge, to rest homes or sanatoria. Four million workers and collective farmers were treated in 1937 alone. This does not include the thousands of summer camps organized by the Pioneer and Young Communist organizations. Nor does it include, of course, the millions of Soviet workers who spend their vacations—for which they are paid—on their own, taking long trips through the country, alone or in groups organized by the Soviet Tourist Bureau.

2. *Maternity hospitals.* In 1914 old Russia had only 6824 maternity hospitals. By 1937 the number had grown to 18,342.

3. *Pregnancy leave with pay.* In 1927-8, the money paid to women on pregnancy leave amounted to a little over 29 million rubles; in 1932 to almost 59 million rubles, and in 1935 to over 200 million rubles!

4. *Nurseries.* In 1913 the nurseries in old Russia accommodated 11,500 children. In 1937 the nurseries accommodated 4.7 million children. By 1939, according to plan, the number of children in Soviet nurseries will more than double—over ten million children in nurseries!

5. *Kindergartens.* In 1934-5 over five million children were in kindergartens. By 1939, according to plan, the number will be trebled!

Obviously, the above articles, too, deal not with fiction but with fact. Let us finally turn to Article 121: ". . . The right to education is ensured by universal, compulsory, elementary education, by the fact that education, including higher (university) education, is free of charge, by the system of state scholarships for the overwhelming majority of students in the higher schools, by instruction in the schools being conducted in the native language, and by the organization of free vocational, technical, and agronomic training for the toilers in the factories, state farms, machine and tractor stations, and collective farms."

Does *this* article square with the facts? In order not to overburden the discussion with too many details, I will cite only a few suggestive figures:

1. *Elementary and secondary education.* In 1914-5, from 48 to 50 percent of the children in the Russian empire were in elementary schools. By 1936, *all* children in the Soviet Union received elementary education—altogether 30 million Soviet children are now being educated in elementary and secondary schools.

2. *Higher education.* The number of students in universities grew from 191,000 in 1930 to 522,000 in 1935; in technical colleges from 327,000 in 1930 to 705,000 in 1935.

3. *General and vocational adult education.* One third of the Soviet population is at present receiving *formal* education, either in schools or through special courses in factories, shops, collective farms, etc. Many more are being educated in clubs, circles, and through correspondence courses. In 1936, three million adult workers were studying for the so-called technical minimum tests. The plan is that within the next couple of years *all* Soviet workers will be holders of certificates establishing their passing of the technical minimum examination. Literacy in the Soviet Union has risen to 90 percent. Textbooks are being published in ninety-four languages. During the First Five-Year Plan the Soviet Union spent 15.5 billion rubles on education; during the Second Five-Year Plan the expenditures jumped to 67.1 rubles.

Obviously, Article 121, too, deals not with fiction but with staggering fact. For the first time the "pursuit of happiness" has ceased to be a mockery, has ceased to be a fatuous chase after the unattainable. With his rights to work, to rest, to education, and to security in sickness and old age guaranteed, the Soviet citizen is the first citizen in the world to have been placed in a position where he can at least fairly test the reality and attainability of happiness.

Molotov's challenge at the Eighth All-Union Extraordinary Congress of Soviets, which adopted the Constitution last December, was not unjustified:

"Let similar measures be adopted by any other state," he said to the loud applause and laughter of the delegates, "and we shall then acknowledge the democracy of such a state to be just as genuine a democracy of the whole people as the democracy in the U.S.S.R. . . . We should like to see some bourgeois state hand over to the peasants, well, not 150 million, as in our case, but just 15 million hectares of the landlords' and other lands. We should then be ready to admit that such a state was beginning to approach in earnest genuine democracy, democracy of the toilers."

★ ★ ★

Young People Born Too Late

O young people born too late or born too soon,
Time does not want you building in this land.
Earth has no place for you, save in her breast.

Be submonished and die. Life is insane.
No wages for you. Three-balls will not lend
a dime to hopes so foully double-crossed.

All nursed upon war's stingy paps are doomed,
thin-boned, and must by arrogant brisker youth
be crowded out. Your moment is not, nor was,

nor will be. Supernumerary, damned
by silver fists which suavely break your mouths,
receive emasculation and, grown wise,

curse with dark silence the sun's procreation.
Run away and grovel in night's garbage-heap.
Your maintenance starves our crickets and dickiebirds.

You have outstayed your time and eaten your rations.
No salvaging your lives. Resign to sleep.
Rust in the pied font of superfluous words.

C. F. MacIntyre.

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A Defender of the Constitution

By Don Herman

"YOUNG BOB" LAFOLLETTE, the level-headed Progressive senator from Wisconsin, and Senator Elbert Thomas of Utah are again playing the lead roles in one of those little dramas from real life that get produced whenever the Senate Civil Liberties Committee opens its box-office.

This time they are inflicting a little dramatic realism on the vigilante organizations and the Red-baiting societies. Already the first scene of the new opus has unrolled, and cataclysmic is the only word for it. Senators LaFollette and Thomas produced on November 2 a living document such as Washington seldom stages, and nobody except the press attends anyway. But the press doesn't tell much because of the danger of "getting out on a limb," so we present the script. The man in the spotlight is Chester A. Hanson, secretary to the Constitutional Educational League. As the curtain goes up, we find Hanson in the witness chair.

SENATOR LAFOLLETTE: What are your duties?

HANSON: Well, I have duties to write some time, on occasions to make speeches.

SENATOR THOMAS: Mr. Hanson, what is the meaning of the Constitutional Educational League?

HANSON: It is a name. The articles of incorporation give forth the purposes of the organization.

THOMAS: Yes, I have read those.

HANSON: It is education pertaining to the Constitution, interpretation of the Constitution, and education, information pertaining to subversive movements in this country who are working against or for the destruction of the Constitution of the United States.

LAFOLLETTE: Just what is the Constitution of the United States, Mr. Hanson?

HANSON: It is the basic law of the land.

THOMAS: Have you ever seen it?

HANSON: Yes, sir.

THOMAS: How many articles has it?

HANSON: How many articles? (*He suffers, hands gouged deep in his pockets.*)

THOMAS: How many articles?

HANSON: Or amendments?

THOMAS: Well, how many articles, and how many amendments?

HANSON: There are twenty-two amendments.

THOMAS: How many articles?

HANSON: I could not tell you.

LAFOLLETTE: Speak louder, I cannot hear you, Mr. Hanson.

THOMAS: You do not know what the Constitution consists of then?

HANSON: I do not know the number of the articles. I imagine I do know what the Constitution consists of.

THOMAS: How?

HANSON: I imagine I do. (*Beads of sweat.*)

THOMAS: What is in Article I of the Constitution?

HANSON: I could not tell you, sir.

LAFOLLETTE: Louder, I cannot hear you, Mr. Hanson.

THOMAS: What is in Article II?

HANSON: I do not know.

THOMAS: Article III?

HANSON: I do not know.

THOMAS: Article IV?

HANSON: No.

THOMAS: Five. Article V?

HANSON: No.

THOMAS: Now, you said there were twenty-two amendments. What does the first amendment deal with?

HANSON: Well, the first several amendments deal with the Bill of Rights.

THOMAS: They deal with the Bill of Rights.

HANSON: Yes.

THOMAS: And just what is the Bill of Rights?

HANSON: Defining our rights as citizens.

THOMAS: Is that in the Constitution?

HANSON: Yes, sir.

THOMAS: The Constitution mentions that the first ten amendments are the Bill of Rights . . . ?

HANSON (interposing): No, it does not, no sir.

THOMAS: Where did you get that term?

HANSON: I do not know, sir.

THOMAS: Is the tenth amendment part of the Bill of Rights?

HANSON: I do not know.

THOMAS: Do you know what the tenth amendment is about?

HANSON: No, I do not.

(*He does not know what any of the amendments deal with except the thirteenth, which mentions slavery, the eighteenth on prohibition, the nineteenth on woman suffrage, and the twentieth on "lame ducks." He decides there are not twenty-two amendments, but twenty-one.*)

THOMAS: You mentioned that you sometimes make speeches. Do you teach the Constitution?

HANSON: I do not, sir.

THOMAS: What do you make speeches about?

HANSON: About communistic activities.

THOMAS: Just what is a communistic activity?

HANSON: It is an activity—communism is a philosophy of government based on—that teaches collective ownership and democratic management of all the means of production, distribution, and exchange.

THOMAS: Is our public-school system a communistic organization?

HANSON: I do not think that is a fair question, sir.

THOMAS: You do not think that is a fair question?

HANSON: It is in a measure. It is a government—it is a socialized institution, it is a government-owned institution.

THOMAS: Where is there a communistic government in the world, so we may know just what you are against?

HANSON: The Russian government is supposed to be a communistic government.

THOMAS: Who is the head of the Russian government?

HANSON: Stalin, Joseph Stalin.

THOMAS: What does Stalin say as to the kind of government he has over there? Does he describe it as communistic?

HANSON: He says it is a democratic form of government, it is a republic.

THOMAS: That is what he says?

HANSON: That is what he says.

THOMAS: That it is not communistic?

HANSON: He says it is, he says it is a communist workers' government.

THOMAS: Where else is there a communistic government?

HANSON: There is not any other communistic government.

THOMAS: Well, where has there ever been communism or a communistic organization? This thing which you talk against and which you fear, where can you give me an example of it?

HANSON: Well, there have been a number of experiments in localized socialist or communist government.

THOMAS: Name one.

HANSON: The Brooks Farm experiment.

THOMAS: Tell me about the Brooks Farm.

HANSON: The United Community?

THOMAS: Who started that?

HANSON: I cannot tell you. I cannot tell you the whole story.

THOMAS: Is there anything in the Brooks Farm experiment that is antagonistic to American government principles?

HANSON: No.

THOMAS: Did it ever do the government any harm?

HANSON: I do not believe so, no, sir.

THOMAS: Do you know of any harm that it did any state?

HANSON: No, sir.

THOMAS: You know, as an educator, in making these speeches against communism, just what sort of theme did you take? (*No response.*)

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The Liberty League All-America

By E. E. Boyle

WITH the big showdown between the Liberty Leaguers and the People's Leaguers approaching, it is not too early to name our selections for the Liberty League all-star aggregation. After exhaustive comparisons of scoring, yardage statistics, field generalship, all-around bruising ability, and all the other well-known virtues of Liberty League football, we are ready to name our selections. Every one of them has achieved a nation-wide reputation not only for hard, punishing play, but for real team spirit against the People's League. We offer herewith our choices and the reasons therefor. Below we are privileged to show them in fighting trim in an exclusive composograph by our demon class-angle-shot expert, Scott Johnston. Here we go:

No. 4, CAPTAIN AND CENTER: J. P. ("Butch") Morgan. Morgan has distinguished himself for sterling play—although his play is as often gold as it is sterling. On the offense, he rarely gets his signals wrong, while he plays a wicked roving center on the defense. He frequently roves as far as the Scottish uplands in grouse-hunting season, and once when in the thick of a tough fight against a People's League team, he was discovered to have roved to the sidelines, where he sat with a midget on his knee. Some of his team-mates criticized him for this, but it was later agreed that by this ruse he distracted the attention of the People's team to the point where their attack bogged down badly. He keeps the Liberty League team in cigarette money, and has been known to have purchased the People's team signals. The center berth and captaincy goes to him with no rival even close.

No. 1, RIGHT END: Hank ("Lone Wolf") Ford. Here's as canny a player as you'd like to meet. He always pretends he's not part of the team, or isn't in the play—even going to the extent of telling Captain Morgan to keep his old cigarette money. This is really because he doesn't smoke. However, it fools a lot of the spectators—that is, the ones who haven't enough sense to stop and wonder what he's doing on the field anyway. Opposing teams have found that he plays a strong, if individual, game in the tough-guy tradition. Seasoned observers declare that his style of play will result one day in his waking up to find himself smeared by a well-organized drive through his territory.

No. 2, RIGHT TACKLE: Tom ("Iron Man") Girdler. Formerly known as the Man of Steel, but he objected to this because it suggested Stalin, a well-known supporter of the People's League. His specialty is giving his opponent on the line a severe working over. When accused recently by a referee of illegally giving an opposing lineman the works, he countered with an extended squawk about the right to work, thus confusing many spectators into thinking the referee was biased.

No. 3, RIGHT GUARD: Boake ("Buzz") Carter. This chap, after a weak start, has rounded into excellent form, few being better equipped than he to throw a line. His peculiar headgear, which enables him to inflame the spectators against the opposing team by broadcasting repeated though unfounded charges of foul play, has earned him the additional nicknames of "Laughing Gas" and

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"Poison Gas" Carter. Said by some to be a ringer who has no place in the big time, not playing for the love of the game, but just for the dough.

No. 5, LEFT GUARD: Gerald ("Sky-Pilot") Smith, another dark horse who has only recently been rounding into big-time shape. Charles ("Flower") Coughlin had cinched this post, but his papa told him he couldn't play, since papa's business depended on standing in well with the People's crowd. Huey ("Kingfish") Long was once slated for the post, but he met with a permanent injury in a sand-lot game. Smith may turn out to be a weak sister, but his captain hopes that he'll be useful in convincing opponents that *his* is the People's team, and so confuse them long enough for the Liberty Leaguers to put over a touchdown or two. If he doesn't succeed, he'll be benched in short order.

No. 6, LEFT TACKLE: Lammot ("Dynamite") du Pont. This boy is a full team in himself, what with about a dozen brothers and cousins who are spitting images of him. He's a killer, along with the rest of his family. When asked why, he replies, "Well, someone's going to do it; might as well be us." One of the founders of the Liberty League, he's expected to succeed to the captaincy if Butch Morgan ever stops grousing and starts quailing.

No. 7, LEFT END: Charles ("Hurry-Up") Bedaux. Sometimes called "Perpetual Motion" Bedaux. His knifing, driving attack and his ability to clip from behind and get away with it have left many a People's team limp and gasping for breath. A dynamo of (other people's) energy, the deceptiveness of his play has won him command performances before royalty.

No. 10, QUARTERBACK: Walter ("Snake-Eyes") Lippmann. Here is the past master of razzle-dazzle play, who specializes in fakes and reverses. A veritable maestro of deception, he has been known to reverse his field so quickly that it has been impossible to tell in which direction he is going. Of late, however, he has sobered down to a refined form of traditional Liberty League football, being content to act as the brains of a team which relies largely on slashing power plays. He got his start in the People's League, but when he learned they wanted teamwork more than his kind of generalship, he went over to the Liberty League for a fancy price.

No. 8, RIGHT HALFBACK: Al ("Mooring Mast") Smith. He has worked the old "Statue of Liberty" play to death. Recently he has modified it to make it look lik Empire State building. He does this ' suming a vacant look. He used to play with the People's League, but when th him on the spot for throwing games opposing teams, he "took a walk." Hi fulness in the backfield is open to serious tions, but his tigerish snarling is so provo that it sometimes tempts the People's Le into offside play.

No. 11, LEFT HALFBACK: Herbie ("W Will Grow") Hoover. Sometimes knov the "Campbell Kid." One of the Lea best blockers and interferers (in the sense of the word). Not awfully goo actual play these days, but with a reput based upon past performances. Despite talk about rugged individualism, is consic a good teamwork man.

No. 9, FULLBACK: Willie ("Don't M tion Death") Hearst. Sometimes know "Randy," not so much because his n name is Randolph as for reasons any goo tionary can tell you. A slippery, trick gernaut who tramples underfoot every his path. His best play is a piece of dec achieved with the aid of a red herring though when playing in rainy weath makes good use of mud-slinging. A real threat man—to life, liberty, and the p of happiness.

The Liberty League's cheer-leader big showdown game is likely to be the da Dorothy ("Dottie Co-Ed") Thompson, the posts of honorary water-boys are bei served for Ralph Easley and Mattie

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No More Nudes, No More Fish!

By Michael Gold

T the age of thirty-six, Cadwalader Bones was considered by everyone, even his wife, as a success. But he elf was dubious about this. True, he was aging $6000 to $8000 a year regularly n sales of his work. An innocent painter two children can live decently on that America. If Bones was discontented, it n't from greed.

ut to have to paint only marines! Once, n unlucky hour, Bones had done a lovely, it seascape after a week-end at Martha's eyard. His art dealer, Mr. Josef Mahout, e Mahout Galleries, was crazy about the thing. He demanded more like it.

ones, you've got something at last!" Mahout, enthusiastically. "You're a g man, and I've had a hard time pushing But this needs no pushing; I can sell it vink to my biggest client."

d so it happened, Mr. Henry van Gelt a famous art collector, and other collec- always followed in his wake. It was he set up the fashion for seascapes by Bones. those harmless little marines bought the ner farm for Bones, then gave him cour- nd cash enough to have two children. oved his kids, he worked hard, he was a s. Yet at least once a month he had a our, when he wished he had time to an old red barn with horses, maybe, or unting faces he saw in the New York y, or the mines and miners he grew up among in Pennsylvania. But he never did; and he felt as if he had completely stopped feeling, thinking or growing as an artist; which, as we all know, makes an artist unhappy.

Came the revolution—I mean, the depression. Friends, I shall not bore you with details; you and your children have heard it all by now, and would rather listen to Benny Goodman's boys rapping out "Sweet Sue." To be brief: Mr. Gelt's suspender factories, shoehorn foundries, and other enterprises puckered like a late persimmon on the bough. The other art collectors were also caught pantsless in the storm. Art collectors now were jumping out of penthouse windows; a love of art wasn't enough, it seems, to keep them glad of life. Other dreadful things happened, known to you all. What startled the painter Bones, however, a man who'd never bought stocks in his life, added a column of figures correctly, or dreamed there was any link between his studio and Wall Street, was that suddenly, as if at a signal, nobody was buying any more pictures. For years they had been nagging him for his marines; now he couldn't give them away.

A fine fix; but I have promised to spare you the familiar details. The consequence was that painter Bones lost his farm the first year (it was mortgaged, not much, but enough); the second year the kids left private for public school, and Mamma tried to study stenography, but was a flop; the third year painter Bones was glad to get a job on the W.P.A. art project, which enabled one to live, if only in a tenement.

That's my story. But it's been told a hundred times, and I don't want to repeat. It is the burning, shameful story of the period, but maybe some younger writer will have to give it its worthy epic expression; up to now, it has only depressed most of us too much, because we were so close to it.

So I won't tell the full story, only the sequel, which happened yesterday. Cadwalader Bones, by a miracle, cheerful and creative again, because he has been painting murals, and helping organize his fellow-painters, and leading, in general, a fuller life than he'd known when doing those damned marines, was visited on his place by Josef Mahout, the art dealer.

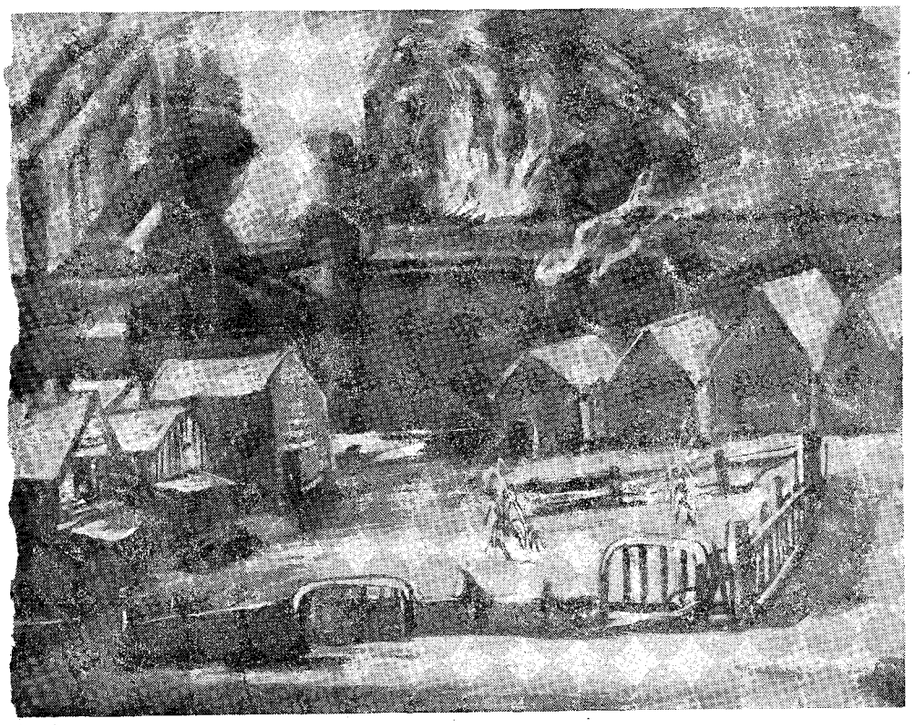
"I've got news for you, great news!" Mahout bubbled with his usual optimism. "The depression is ended. People are buying pictures again! Van Gelt was in the other day looking for your marines. Today came another of your old patrons craving a marine. Your troubles are over; get to work, Bones!"

Cadwalader Bones grimly tossed off a double Scotch and sucked at his pipe in moody silence. Then he rose to his full height and made a speech to the puzzled art dealer, for Bones had become quite vocal latterly.

"Mr. Mahout," he began, "Mr. van Gelt, and all you other cogs and pinions in the bourgeois art chain belt, you may all go and jump in the lake. If I want to paint a marine, I will paint a marine! But I will not paint marines because stocks are up or down! You made me an appendage of your ticker machine, but now I have discovered that I am red-blooded, two-fisted, and really not too frightened by poverty! I have discovered my soul, and I say unto all of you: kindly go and take a royal, flying gallop for yourselves!"

"What is the meaning of this harsh attitude, Bones?" stammered the art dealer.

"The meaning is," answered our hero, "that when your bourgeois art patrons turned me out to die, as another victim of their depression, I finally had my eyes opened as to the true status of the artist in a bourgeois society. I refuse to accept that status any longer. I am not a butler, and art is not a parasite's entertainment or hobby. Art is the expression of the soul of a people, and the artist is the channel through which that soul pours. I have learned to respect my own importance to the spiritual welfare of my country. I apologize and cringe no longer; but lift



Steel's Kitchen Garden Elizabeth Olds (A.C.A. Gallery)

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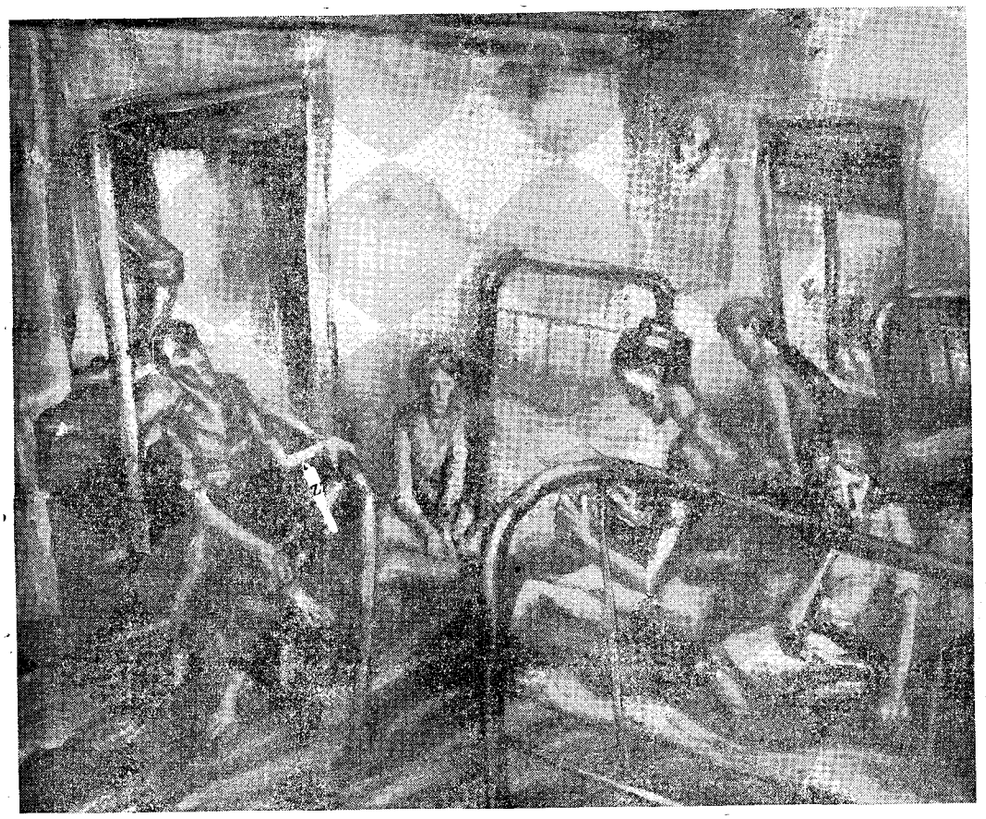

Southern Family Painting by Tromka

my face up to the dawn of a new art world!"

"A dawn at sea?" Mahout cracked wise, with his usual salesman's forced cheerfulness. "Yes, that'd make a good marine."

"No more marines," intoned the orator. "No more nudes, no more fruit in bowls. No more fish. No more cubes and prisms. Little pink pictures for pale people, farewell! I have discovered a greater theme, and a patron who is really strong, and noble, and worthy of all my devotion. My subject is the American people; my boss, from now on, the same.

"Your millionaires cast me out among the people; I was forced to starve beside them; thus for the first time I came to know them. How can an artist who has been close to the people go back to serving any lesser master?"

"You're a Communist, maybe?" Mahout hinted slyly.

"No," chanted the proud painter, "I don't think so; but what of it? Of one thing I am sure, I am not a coward. I have discovered that I love the people, and I mean to battle for their right to art until my last breath."

"But the projects are finished," said Mr. Mahout impatiently. "I don't know what you are talking about. What do you want, anyway?"

Cadwalader Bones waved a little pamphlet in Mahout's face. It was really not a pamphlet, but a reprint of a bill introduced in Congress on August 16, 1937, by Congressman Coffee of Washington, and designated as H.R. 8239.

"Here is a document that will be historic in the annals of American culture," said Bones. "To me it has the ring of another Declaration of Independence."

"So what? What's the bill about?"

"It is a bill to provide for a permanent Bureau of Fine Arts," Bones orated. "It has been endorsed by the C.I.O., and this is also historic—like the fight of the labor unions for public schools a hundred years ago. We want to make a nation where beauty walks in every street and sings in every home. And the people now demand it; don't you see how new and historic that is, Mahout?"

"No."

"Yes. Now listen to our Declaration of Independence, H.R. 8239. I will read it to you!"

"No, no!"

"Yes, yes!" And Bones did, as follows. I give the whole bill, since it is the true climax of this story. If you skip this document, because you think congressional bills are boring, you are making a grave mistake. If you are not inspired to go out and do something to make this bill come true (and thousands are already working toward this end), you are also making one of the gravest mistakes of your civic lifetime. Here is something that swings doors open to a new America; read it, read it, it is the most thrilling public document I know of since the Emancipation Proclamation.

A BILL

to provide for a permanent Bureau of Fine Arts.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the U.S.A. in Congress assembled,

DECLARATION OF POLICY

SECTION 1. The federal art projects have proven conclusively that there exist in the United States the potentialities of a great and flourishing culture, which will, if properly developed, make our country a greater nation, and render upon our people as a whole the occasion to exercise with democratic equity their cultural aspirations.

During the entire history of our nation, and up to the time of the creation of these projects, the arts were the jealously guarded possessions of the few and were not made available to the majority.

Works of art were confined to privately incorporated museums, difficult to visit, and to the completely inaccessible and private collections of wealthy patrons. Great music was played only by a few orchestras in the largest cities at prices prohibitive to the average person. The American theater was confined to the center of New York City and it is still true that there exists no theater in most sections of the country.

The enjoyment of culture has, in the country's past, been predicated too much upon the ability of the individual to pay.

Through the inception of the federal art projects these conditions have undergone material changes, which have brought into the cultural life of the nation democratic implications and practices never before known. For the first time millions of our people have begun to receive benefits of cultural enlightenment beyond an elementary education.

The arts have been decentralized through federal patronage. They have been extended and made available to the entire country. Mural paintings depicting significant and stirring events in American history and present-day life have not only made schools and other public buildings more beautiful but of greater community interest. Millions of people have attended the theater in their own community where heretofore none had existed. Outdoor theaters have come to the parks, squares, and to the countryside. Orchestras now play in rural communities and in the cities outdoor concerts are held in the parks during the summer. In the playgrounds there are now all manner and types of classes for children, in the arts, crafts, and puppet theaters. These have proved to be a great deterrent to juvenile delinquency. Opportunities for musical education, vocal and instrumental, are widespread and extremely popular. The folk art of America, an integral part of our earlier national life, has again received encouragement. The fine contributions of the Negro people in this field and the continued practice of traditional forms of folk art in various isolated communities have been brought to light and aided materially. Art galleries have been established and maintained in rural sections. These galleries have become centers of community interest, thus nurturing an indigenous growth and direction for culture of invaluable import for the nation as a whole.

The above only indicates the beginning of a direction which shall be reaffirmed and extended. It merely points the way of fruition for a democratic culture for the United States.

It is no longer consistent with the purpose of democratic government to render this program subject to the limitations of the present work-relief program. Under this present program it has been impossible to establish reasonable tenure and therefore there is required a constant revision of plans and operations due to the emergency character of these appropriations.

The personnel employed upon the projects cannot work to the best of their creative ability while subject to momentary dismissal and while under the knowledge that, at any time, the public which they serve may be deprived of the benefits of the cultural services of the projects as a whole, and the nation not granted the assurance of permanency of development for its culture. To accomplish this, there is needed a long-range and adequate plan.

It is the obligation of the government to recognize that culture as represented by the arts is a social necessity consistent with democracy and also to recognize that such culture must be encouraged and developed in the interest of the general welfare.

It is therefore the declared policy of the government of the United States that Congress appropriate funds out of the United States Treasury for the establishment and support of a permanent Bureau of Fine Arts.

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READERS' FORUM

Labor's Neediest Cases

To the New Masses:

DURING the last twelve years the International Labor Defense, through its Prisoners' Relief Fund has provided food, shelter, clothing all year round to more than thirty thousand women and children—the families of labor's prisoners. Every month during this period they have received regular relief checks, boxes of clothing, additional funds for doctors' bills, hospital bills, school fees.

For twelve years our fund has aided these splendid, uncomplaining, though very needy women and youngsters to maintain their courage, hope, self-respect, until the breadwinner of their family, imprisoned for years, is free to come home to them once more. It has kept families from starvation, misery, loneliness, and disintegration by extending to them the helping hand of solidarity.

The aim of the 1937 Christmas Drive for Labor's Prisoners and Their Families is a $25,000 fund to meet the needs of labor's neediest cases, like these:

CASE NO. 27

"John Catchings is a union man
He joined on charter day
He did not like a company town
Where they use clacker 'stead of pay."

John, Jr., next to the oldest of six, knows all the verses of this ballad they sing about his father in Alabama. And he knows why, too. His father was a militant steel worker, employed by Tom Girdler's Republic Plant in Birmingham. He talked union and organization for many years, long before the present drive started. He was beaten, black-listed, threatened, and finally thrown into jail; sentenced to 526 days. But that didn't shake his courage or his determination to make a decent living for his own six kids and all other steel workers. John, Jr. is old enough to understand what his father did and to be proud of him. But that doesn't pay the rent, or buy shoes, or food or milk. Nobody else in the family is old enough to go to work and Mrs. Catchings has her hands full taking care of the house and the young ones. The I.L.D. relief is just about enough to pay for bare necessities, and everybody's shoes are worn through and they haven't a real warm sweater among them. That's why they are looking forward to the I.L.D.'s Christmas present this year. There's another verse in the Ballad of John Catchings that goes:

"He's taught his family union ways
His wife and children all
He tells them they must organize
Because divided they will fall."

CASE NO. 63

Florence Blaylock is a young textile worker—or was until 1934 when he went on strike in Burlington, N. C.; was framed and sentenced to six years on the chain-gang. He was the sole support of his aged parents before he was sent up. His sisters can't do much for them. They all have families of their own and the mills are shut down for weeks at a time. His father was a very sick man. He had the "heart dropsy," and all the relief money went for his medicine and the doctors. Mrs. Blaylock writes, "I'm too old to work in the mills and not old enough to get a pension and my boy can do nothing to help us." Just before Thanksgiving Day the I.L.D. received a letter from one of the daughters. It said: "My father has just committed suicide."

Mrs. Blaylock now has this sorrow to weigh her down while she waits for her boy's release, living in one unheated room, with no warm clothes for the winter; depending for her food at least on the relief she will get from the I.L.D.

CASE NO. 12

Christine Baldwin is six years old. She never knew her father. When she was only a few months old the Harlan, Kentucky, mine strike was at its height. Her father—he was only twenty-seven then—was one of the most active strikers. He was in charge of the soup kitchen. One evening, when there was no one there but himself and her mother, Elizabeth Baldwin, a carload of company gunmen drove up, hollered for him to come out, and when he did, they opened fire on him and left his bullet-riddled body lying there in the yard.

There are three other Baldwin orphans. The oldest is eleven. The only decent clothing they ever had came from the I.L.D., whose wards they have been since the time of their father's murder six years ago. Their first school books came from the relief fund, along with their shoes and milk. Santa Claus for them, during the last six Christmases has been the postman, carrying a letter from the I.L.D. and a big box of clothes and toys and candy. They know he'll come again.

CASE NO. 36

Junior Avitia was just eight years old. His father has been away from them for over two years now, and if "the law" has its way he will be gone for another forty-three, for he was sentenced to forty-five to sixty years at hard labor in the Santa Fé Penitentiary. He was one of the three Gallup miners, framed and convicted for the death of a punch-drunk sheriff who was killed by a bullet fired by one of his own men blinded by tear gas thrown at a demonstration of coal miners.

Junior is very small and dark. He is wiry but not very strong, because he doesn't get enough nourishing food to eat, and his mother can hardly make ends meet on her present income, especially since she always tries to put a little away so there will be enough money for a visit to the prison to see Father. In her last letter she wrote that he wanted to know what Santa would bring him this year. Last year there was a nice train along with the clothes and other things.

CASE NO. 45

When Nancy Cobb, aged seven, asked her mother what Santa Claus would bring this year, Mrs. Viola Cobb answered that she was afraid he was too poor to come at all. He would be, judging by what is happening to them and to other Negro share-croppers' families in Alabama. They couldn't even clear their debts from the cotton crop this year, and there are nine children in the Cobb family. Their father is serving a fifteen-year sentence on an Alabama chain-gang. He was one of the heroic share-croppers who tried to help Cliff James defend his home and work animals from a sheriff's mob during the battle of Reeltown in Tallapoosa County in December, 1932.

All the children, even the young ones, work to make the crop, but there is never enough realized to fix the leaky roof, or buy shoes or new overalls and dresses. There is barely enough for food and there wouldn't even be that if it wasn't for the monthly relief from the I.L.D. Nancy sent a very nice letter last year after Christmas, saying how she expected to make the box of candy in the bundle last until next year because it was the first box of candy she had ever seen or had in her whole life.

CASE NO. 71

Ninety-nine years sound like an awful long time no matter how old you are, but it sounds especially long when you are only five like Grace. It would be different if she was big like Alda, who is thirteen and acts like a regular grown lady. Mother depends on Alda for lots of help in taking care of the four girls, and Alda is the one who writes the letters to Daddy all the time. He's been in prison now for over four years and he is sentenced to ninety-nine. He was a coal miner like all the neighbors in this typical West Virginia company town with its unpainted dilapidated shacks, unpaved streets, company school, company store, company church. Ernest Mullins was a good union man—a good striker. That's why he was framed on a phony murder charge in a trial that grew out of the terror which broke the strike.

Mrs. Mullins and the girls are very courageously keeping the household intact. They're not licked, even though its pretty hard to get along. And they know their Dad will be freed long before the ninety-nine years are up just like so many other labor prisoners were freed. Even Grace doesn't cry when she's hungry and cold, though she is only five years old.

You can help these and others like them. Make checks and money orders payable to Prisoners' Relief Fund, International Labor Defense, 80 East Eleventh St., New York City.

Sasha Small

Nazi Thyssen in Brazil

To the New Masses:

I READ with great interest in your current issue an article by Mr. R. A. Martinez on Brazil, but was very surprised to find the name of Thyssen entirely omitted from his account of the machinations of the German Nazis in that country.

It is well known that Thyssen was instrumental, perhaps more than any single individual, in the rise of the Nazi Party in Germany. After the state power was given to Hitler and the Nazi Party, Thyssen held a position of greater power than any other man in the Nazi hierarchy. It was decreed that "on all economic questions the decision of Thyssen is final." *A few months later, however, he left Germany for South America.* His departure was rather quiet, even mysterious. Many people thought he had been stripped of his power and had left in disgrace. Hardly anything at all was heard of him since then.

But it seemed incredible that a man who had been of such value to Nazism and possessed of such political power, and what is more, the owner and master of such vast and vital economic resources in one of the most important economic areas of Germany—the Ruhr—could be debased so suddenly and completely. What seemed more likely was that he had gone to South America *on a job.*

Ernst Henri, author of *Hitler Over Europe* and *Hitler Over Russia,* with whom I am closely associated, inclined toward that point of view, but it is almost impossible to discover anything in substantiation. Confirmation of this point of view, however, seems to be forthcoming now.

Last week several New York newspapers—the New York *Journal & American* in particular, referred to Thyssen in terms clear enough to indicate that he had been at the very center of the Brazilian tide toward fascism. Even the most reactionary of the press sometimes tells or suggests the truth when it serves its nefarious aims.

New York City. A. Layne.

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BOOK REVIEWS

Marx and Engels on the Civil War

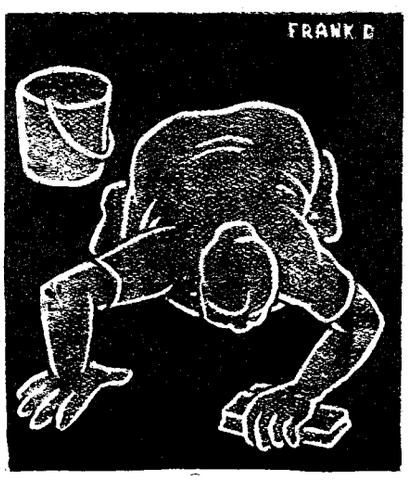
THE CIVIL WAR IN THE UNITED STATES, *by Karl Marx and Frederick Engels. International Publishers.* $2.50.

RECENT American historians, writing when the lapse of time has permitted detailed research and mellowed judgment, are only now beginning to grasp the broader social significance of the American Civil War. Sixty-seven years before the appearance of Professor Charles A. Beard's *Rise of American Civilization,* in which the historian made a significant contribution by designating the Civil War as the Second American Revolution, Marx and Engels were already depicting in the pages of the New York *Daily Tribune* and the Vienna *Presse* the revolutionary sweep of the conflict in all its astounding variety. These articles, forty-two in all, as well as extracts from sixty-one letters between Marx and Engels, have been collected and issued in book form by International Publishers. The volume, an event of first importance in the field of American history, comes with the freshness and force of a new interpretation to take its place, virtually as a discovery, alongside the other great historical classics of Marx and Engels.

Like their other writings which became historical classics, the analysis of the Civil War by Marx and Engels was formulated as the events were taking place. Although written under the pressure of journalism and of the need to cover separate events as they occurred, these articles, brought together as they are in this volume, achieve an essential unity of interpretation rarely to be found even in a book written as a study. They probe into every important phase of the conflict, uncover the basic moving forces of the period, and show the historical movement as it developed and matured.

In the first article on the Civil War which appeared in the *Tribune* on October 11, 1861, Marx laid low the argument common in the British press that because the North had not inscribed abolition of slavery on its banner, it was not deserving of the support of the anti-slavery men. His reply to this argument, which the Palmerston government used to excuse its own interventionist activities on the side of the Confederacy, remains of great importance for the interpretation of the American conflict, because most American historians have been unable to escape its effects and even Beard spends pages of academic discussion on this point without coming to a satisfactory conclusion.

Marx makes the acute observation that if the North did not include the abolition of slavery as its principal aim at the outbreak of the conflict, the Confederacy had left no doubt that it was fighting for the preservation and the extension of the slave system. And here a distinction of major importance, which has not yet been made by any American historian, emerges from the reading of the articles and the letters as a key contribution of the Marxian thought. Marx made it clear that slavery as the prime cause of the conflict should not be confused with the problem of how the question of slavery expressed itself in the form of a political program. Implicit in his analysis is the concept that history is a movement, completely innocent of any static or abstract qualities and rights. Thus, from the beginning, Marx recognized that it was slavery which had divided the American republic into two opposing social systems and that in the final outcome the very existence of slavery was at stake. But he did not expect to find this clearly expressed in the political slogans of either side in the conflict. It takes time for popularly accepted political programs, especially in the period of quick transition, to mature to the point where the whole historical movement is expressed in them. However, he was certain as early as the end of October 1861—before the North had taken any decisive steps in this direction—that "events themselves" were driving "to the promulgation of the decisive slogan—emancipation of the slaves." And with complete confidence in the final outcome, seeing far ahead to the national and international significance of the American events, Marx without hesitation and with great enthusiasm took his position on the side of "the highest form of popular self-government till now realized" in its battle with "the meanest and most shameless form of man's enslaving recorded in the annals of history." To the "leftists" of those days—the advocates of socialism conceived as a lifeless dogma—this appeared as "counter-revolutionary" as the Communist support of the people's front in the fight against fascism appears today to the Trotskyist ideologists; and as is the case with the Trotskyites, the "leftists" of 1861 aligned themselves with reaction.



Frank Davidson

Another contribution which serves as a key to the understanding of the development of the conflict, is Marx's distinction between two phases of the war, the constitutional and the revolutionary. In reply to Engels's impatience, after the first humiliating military defeats, with the bungling manner in which the North was handling the "lousy slave oligarchy," Marx explained at the turn of the year 1861 that it took time for the unwieldy and still very young democracy to gather its forces for decisive conflict under a clearly formulated program. He was certain that the war would pass from its constitutional into its revolutionary phase, including emancipation and the arming of the Negro by the North. And with this would come a people's army, enthusiastic warriors and the waging of war under a unified, reliable command according to a strategic plan. In its main outlines, this was the essence of the subsequent course of development. In this connection, Marx's clear characterization of Lincoln's policies—wavering, tending to submit to the pressure of the slave-owners of the border states, hesitating before each new advance, but *nevertheless advancing with the course of the revolution*—illuminates not only the role of the "great emancipator," but also casts light upon the basic weakness of the forces gathered on the side of the North.

Marx's and Engels's understanding of the essence of Johnson's policy, to mention but another of the many keys offered in this volume to the understanding of the period, proved to be fully justified by the events which followed. They recognized immediately after he became President that Johnson's policies would lead to a restoration of the power of the former lords of the South and that without Negro suffrage, nothing could be done to oppose him. And here again they predicted correctly that the reactionary interlude would be replaced by a revolutionary phase which during its duration would see the social transformation of the South and the rapid rise of the labor movement.

Aside from these and other far-reaching interpretations, the articles and letters abound with revealing historical comparisons and pithy generalizations on the movements and relations of classes. Prediction of separate events in the American conflict reveal the thoroughness with which Marx and Engels studied the situation. Two years before General Sherman's famous march to the sea, Engels wrote that the first Union victories in Tennessee and Kentucky should be followed up with a frontal attack upon Georgia, which he termed the "key to Secessia." If this were not done then, wrote Engels, the student of military strategy, the war would drag on for a number of years, lacking a general strategical

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plan. General McClellan, at the beginning of the conflict commander-in-chief of the Union armies, Marx and Engels considered a brake upon the revolutionary development of the war. About him Marx very aptly observed that "next to a great defeat he feared nothing so much as a great victory," and when Lincoln finally found it possible to get rid of McClellan, he hailed this as a sign of the developing momentum of the revolution. On the other hand, Engels early recognized the military resourcefulness of Generals Grant and Halleck, and praised them highly for their waging of the war on the western battle front. Marx also proved to be correct when in the midst of the Palmerston-inspired war-racket of the London press at the time of the Trent case, he told his readers that war between England and the Union would not break out because of the increasingly important role of American wheat on the English market and the large British investment in American industry.

Equally penetrating is Marx's judgment of personalities. To give only a few: General Fremont as "a rival of candidates for the presidency in the future and an obstacle to the makers of compromises in the present"; Seward as a "republican Richelieu" who attempted to impose himself on Lincoln whom he "took for a republican Louis XIII," and Seward's policies as "a repulsive mixture of greatness of phrase and smallness of mind, of mimicry of strength and acts of weakness"; Wendell Phillips's abolition speech at the beginning of the war as of "greater importance than a battle bulletin."

This volume will startle many who have as yet failed to grasp the essence of the Marxian method. They will be surprised to find how remote this historical analysis is from the stiff, mechanical method of economic determinism. For here, above all else, is history as a living process, expressing itself not in the simplified patterns of cause and effect but as the sum total of the interaction of many elements, of which the economic movement is the most elemental and decisive. Here there is nothing that is absolute (states' rights, for example); everything is relative to the broader historical movement of the period. And here, in writings gathered almost three quarters of a century after they were written, is an expression of the full richness and variety of the historical experience of a decade in our history.

The value of this volume is enhanced by the editorial work of Richard Enmale, who supplied careful and extensive notes explaining the numerous events mentioned in the writings, short biographical sketches, an efficient subject index, and an informative introduction. It is to be welcomed as a sign of the growing maturity of our Marxian school of history that this volume has been prepared so efficiently by an American historian.

This is a source book in the best sense of the word: a source not only of new interpretative materials but of a whole philosophy of history in its concrete American application.

John Heliker

It needs to be studied and mastered as a guide to the illumination of our present problems through the illumination it casts upon a decisive turning point of our past.

JAMES S. ALLEN.

Academic Yes-Men of Capitalism

LIBERALISM FACES THE FUTURE, *by Clarence R. Skinner. The Macmillan Co. $2.*
DICTATORS AND DEMOCRACIES, *by Calvin B. Hoover. The Macmillan Co. $1.50.*

THE great work of presenting capitalism as a system beneficial to all men was done by the revolutionary liberals of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Their task was comparatively easy, since it involved the glorification of a faith in a changing and more promising world. The liberals of today are called upon to defend a record instead of a promise, and the record of capitalism has been getting worse from year to year. Under the circumstances, they can either repeat old slogans and catch phrases in an effort to becloud this record, or appeal to the state to see to it that the victims of exploitation find it very hard to free themselves from the yoke fastened upon them by the apostles of liberalism. In most cases the liberals do both, as is demonstrated by the authors of the two books under review.

Dr. Skinner has a great reverence for capitalism. He fears for its safety and for that reason thinks that the social order needs overhauling, but he insists that the reconstruction be effected on "sane and progressive foundations" inspired by liberalism. But what is liberalism? The author defines it as that system or attitude which is opposed to illiberalism. This apparent begging of the question betrays a deeper insight than most liberals are candid enough to admit. For it is true that liberalism, historically considered, came to mean what it does through *opposition* to certain things. Briefly stated, they were the things the removal of which gave capitalism a chance to develop to the extent that it did.

Dr. Skinner extols the abstract, formal rights of individuals which take the place of privilege, but he fails to reveal the all-important fact that since all those rights derive from property, liberalism arguing for freedom of the individual under the law in reality champions the economic subjection of one group of individuals to another. Bourgeois liberty as the "natural" prerogative of man becomes the sanctification of exploitation and of economic dependence.

Dr. Skinner seeks the cause of social change in the change of ideas. But when compelled to account for the latter, he invariably falls back on material conditions. It is by these conditions that the author justifies his search for a new philosophy of liberalism. He admits that "democracy and liberalism . . . seem to fail when confronted with problems so baffling as highly organized industry and finance," that "matters which concern crises and technology do not lend themselves to democratic debate." To cope with the complexities of the "Great Society," the new liberal finds it necessary to advocate the use of the state as an instrument of social action.

The implication of Dr. Skinner's argument is that liberalism faces the future with its back to the wall, ready to revert to the social pattern out of which it grew in the past, *i.e.*, open and frank dictatorship by the exploiting class.

Professor Calvin B. Hoover is more discriminating and, in a subtle way, more designing in his apologetics than Dr. Skinner. The five essays making up the volume represent the fruits of concrete training in political economy. In 1929-30 the author made a study of the economic life of Soviet Russia. He could not help admitting the successful changes introduced by the first socialist republic. Then in 1932 he studied the Nazi movement, publishing his findings in a second book wherein he repudiated his previously held conviction that national socialism was the creature of reactionary capitalism, and advanced the view that fascism and Hitlerism were interested in promoting the cause of peace, serving as an effective barrier between Soviet Russia and the rest of Europe. The thesis of Professor Hoover's latest work is that all three—national socialism, fascism, and communism—are anti-capitalistic because they represent economic dictatorship and totalitarianism.

The book is animated by a double hatred: hatred for Soviet Russia because it has eliminated capitalism, and hatred for the systems of Italy and Germany because they have dealt harshly with some capitalists, chiefly of the less wealthy group. The Soviet Union must be "shown up" at any cost, even at the cost of the inconsistency, from the author's viewpoint, of the attempt to prove that in the socialistic soil of that country there are beginning to appear some "capitalistic" sprouts.

Professor Hoover pretends to see a recrudescence of capitalism in the differentials in income received by the various groups of Soviet workers. A leveling of compensation seems to him more in accord with what he thinks is the philosophy of socialism. Apparently he does not know that many years ago Marx brilliantly exposed the absurdity and

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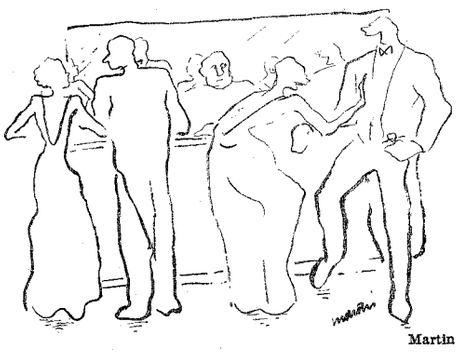
Martin

harm of the egalitarian ideas of "crude communism." He does not seem to know that Lenin called equalitarian socialism "the last bourgeois illusion of the small property-owner," or that Stalin pointed out that there can be no equality as long as there are classes and as long as there is skilled labor and unskilled labor.

After much evasion, Professor Hoover finally admits that there is such a thing as surplus value, but that it is a characteristic of capitalism and therefore, by contrast, should not exist under socialism. This is nonsense. Socially speaking, surplus value is the amount of wealth which human labor can create in excess of what it needs to sustain and reproduce itself. It is the store of wealth upon which man has drawn to extend and develop his productive system for the creation of further wealth. The argument between capitalism and socialism is not whether or not there is or should be surplus value, but who is to own it. Under capitalism surplus value goes to the profit-owner, who is thus enabled to provide the capital required for the further enlargement of the instruments of production in order that he may exact more profit. Under socialism capital is provided in identically the same and only way, out of surplus value, but it is owned by *society*, by all the workers, and is used as a means of enrichment for the benefit of society, *i.e.*, all the workers.

The author admits that the price and profit system is subject to crises that generate "totalitarian tides" which, enhanced by war, may flood the rest of the democratically functioning capitalist nations and wash them off the face of the earth. In that event the choice will lie between fascism and Nazism on the one hand, and communism on the other. Professor Hoover prefers the former. But to avoid facing the alternative, he advocates buying off Germany and Italy by allowing them a free hand in the countries where they seek to acquire territory, particularly in Soviet Russia, where a lot of territory is presumably awaiting the invader. But even then he is not sure. His conscience tells him that if Germany's war lasts too long, the arming of the working classes should eventuate in a revolution and the overthrow of national socialism by communism. The bourgeois mind grows dizzy at the contemplation of the ultimate choice before it and looks for relief in a policy of playing both ends against the middle.

I. ELMAR.

Patterns of Labor Troubles

C.I.O., INDUSTRIAL UNIONISM IN ACTION, *by J. Raymond Walsh. W. W. Norton & Co. $2.50.*

IN its two years of astounding growth the Committee for Industrial Organization has alarmed American capital, tightened class lines by organizing a mass of unskilled and semi-skilled labor, and disrupted a traditional political system. Beginning with eight strong national unions, the C.I.O. by October of this year gained the support of twenty-four more in addition to hundreds of locals in industries which in the past formed many vertebræ in the open shop backbone. Not only did the C.I.O. increase national income through higher-wage contracts, but it has also sought to preserve it by promoting social security and wages and hours legislation. There is not a sector of American life that has not in one way or another felt the C.I.O.'s progress.

How has the C.I.O. managed to achieve supremacy as a workers' bargaining agency? Why has it been successful where the American Federation of Labor repeatedly failed? What technique has it employed in strike struggles? In what new ways has the employer fought back? What is the C.I.O.'s organizational structure and how does it function? What are its potentialities as a political instrument? What problems does it face in the future? Time, of course, will develop a more complete picture and furnish fuller answers to these questions. Meanwhile, Mr. Walsh makes the attempt—an attempt that is admirable despite the sketchiness of its treatment of industrial unionism's historical background, the causes for the A. F. of L.'s impotence, and what seems to me to be a studied evasion of the implications in the C.I.O.'s banding together of workers as a class. The class-struggle theory may not be acceptable to the C.I.O. leadership, but the C.I.O.'s development is abundant evidence of its reality. The simple fact that the C.I.O.'s aggressive unions are heading for independent political action is additional proof of their withdrawal from employer-collaboration policies which have almost wrecked the A. F. of L. Mr. Walsh could have come to more astute judgments had he used the class-struggle theory as a weapon of analysis.

In two highly readable chapters (although some paragraphs are a little too sprightly for comfort) covering the C.I.O.'s dramatic fight to unionize steel and automobiles, Mr. Walsh shows how the C.I.O. managed to beat the open-shoppers at their dirty game of thuggery, vigilante gangs, company unions, back-to-work movements, and the dozens of other tactics dear to the heart of the industrial despot. When Joe Timko, for example, was sent by the Steel Workers' Organizing Committee into Aliquippa, steel's "little Siberia," he had to overcome the union fear propagated by the Jones & Laughlin Co. Steel workers wouldn't come to union headquarters

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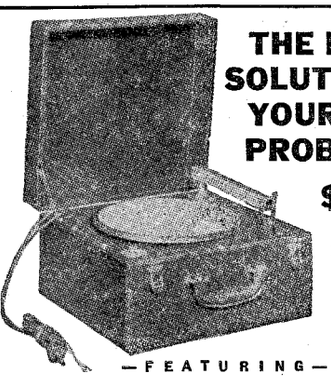

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to hear him. They had seen too many men fired for no other crime than glancing at a union leaflet. So Joe set up loud speakers. His words reached into workers' homes. At the company gates, he boosted the C.I.O. from a sound truck. The men could not help but listen. Still it was dangerous to join the union. There were too many stool-pigeons and spies about. This is what Joe figured out. Applications were printed in the steel workers' paper.

All the worker had to do was cut the blank from the paper, fill it out and mail it to headquarters in Pittsburgh. For months a vault safe in the Grant Building was the only repository of these names. Not even the local organizer knew when a man became a member. No means were left by which the boss could get the news. An effective technique which did much to counter fear.

In a few months the S.W.O.C., through a National Labor Relations Board election, won bargaining rights from Jones & Laughlin.

Methods varied from place to place but the same resolute approach was used many times. The C.I.O. could for the most part trounce the steel barons because it was imaginative, bold, and determined. In strikes workers developed other patterns of struggle —the sit-down in automobile and rubber being the most notable. How different from the tactics of Mr. Green's boys whose coattails flapped in the air while they ran frightened from the offices of tough-guy employers.

Another interesting section of Mr. Walsh's book is the one dealing with the importance of the C.I.O. to the national economy. Much too little has been written for middle-class consumption on this phase of the C.I.O.'s significance. Particularly meaningful, now that we are at the brink of what may be another severe industrial crisis, is Mr. Walsh's refutation of Professor Sumner Slichter's popular theory that unions which refuse to submit to wage cuts retard recovery and spread unemployment. With a few well aimed words Mr. Walsh throws the professor and demonstrates how a strong, unified trade-union movement exerting heavy pressure on the government can lessen the devastating effects of depression. JOHN STUART.

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SIGHTS AND SOUNDS

Two New Plays and a Post-Mortem

THE spectacle of our civilization destroying itself has its satirical aspects, but somehow, when served up in *Hooray for What!* (Winter Garden, N. Y.) with all the incredible lavishness of a Shubert musical staged by Vincente Minelli, music by Harold Arlen, lyrics by E. Y. Harburg, fun by Ed Wynn, and dances by Paul Haakon (and why were there only two of these?), this reviewer could hardly muster a snicker except when Wynn was making cracks that had nothing whatever to do with the main theme of the show. Mr. Wynn has a poison-gas formula everybody is after; the League of Nations is making a laughing stock of itself; there are some swell cracks at the munitions racket and the inanity of high diplomacy. But the burlesqued fashion-show of the latest in death-carrying projectiles is not funny; it is queasy. And when Paul Haakon danced the realities of the coming war, the hilarity was stilled with terrifying suddenness. People wriggled uncomfortably and laughed with hysterical relief when Ed Wynn reappeared. If they think the subject for *Hooray for What* is funny, why don't the Shuberts try a nice little musical comedy about cancer?

In addition the singing is uniformly bad (Jack Whiting was out of the show, so give him the benefit of the doubt), and the humor veers all the way around the compass. There are plenty of cracks such as "Italy's in Ethiopia, Japan's in China, Russia's in Spain—nobody stays at home, that's what's the matter," and "Free speech isn't dead in Russia, just the speakers." "God's Country" is a good tune, but the gist of the lyric is that America is different, and safe—"Every man is his own dictator." And after all, a refrain like "We got no Trotsky, we got no Stalin, but we got Burns and Gracie Allen," isn't really such a scream.

One of the more vicious aspects of our commercial theater today is the inability of Negro actors to get work excepting in roles and plays that libel their race. Not the least disgusting of these vehicles is *Brown Sugar* (as its name implies), presented by George Abbott at the Biltmore, N. Y. Dramatically it deserves very little attention, being a thoroughly bad melodrama according to which life in Harlem is made up solely of the numbers racket, drinking, whoring, and murder. Unfortunately there was a very real danger that the play might run, for the same reason that *Tobacco Road* is now in its fifth year, not because of the social truths it also portrays, but because it shocks and titillates an audience.

The paradox of the first night reviews of *Brown Sugar* was that only John Anderson of the *Journal and American* saw fit to brand it as "a condescending and vulgar exploitation" of the Negro race. Even this is putting it mildly. The play appeals in revolting terms to all those prejudices and chauvinistic instincts nurtured by a capitalist society which seeks to dominate a racial minority in the interests of a ruling class. Mr. Abbott and Mrs. Bernie Angus, who wrote the play, may protest the innocence of their intentions. But the fact remains that the position of the Negro people today forbids the casual presentation on the stage or screen or in literature of a Negro in derogatory circumstances, since he will never be considered by white audiences as an *individual,* but will always represent to them his race as a whole, thereby bolstering their sense of racial superiority and reinforcing their prejudices, however latent.

Barchester Towers at the Martin Beck, N. Y., must have Anthony Trollope whirling in his grave. The "free adaptation" of a classic may be pardoned if it adheres in some measure to the spirit and period of the original, and if the result is a good play. Thomas Job's dramatization fulfills none of these requisites. He has discarded the central theme of the novel, the intrigues and bickering for place and position of a nineteenth-century English episcopal town, presumably as lacking in dramatic possibilities, and devoted himself largely to the flirtations of Madeline Neroni Stanhope. But the spleen and bitterness of Trollope's cripple, poisoned by invalidism and a life of idleness and excess, is diluted by Mr. Job into the gay playfulness of a woman bored with ecclesiastical provincialism, who takes to her couch on pretense of an injured ankle solely as a matter of strategy when visitors are present, and in the bosom of her family runs around like a gazelle. The other characters are similarly emaciated: Mr. Arabin becomes a priggish bore, Mrs. Proudie a mere busybody, Mr. Slope an ineffectual climber. Necessarily, therefore, the comedy of character which is Trollope's forte, and which did very well by Helen Jerome in her adaptation of *Pride and Prejudice,* is discarded, in favor of a series of trumped-up farcical episodes of the "comedy of errors" variety which are as dull as they are inchoate.

Ina Claire does what she can with so creaking a vehicle. The rest of the cast, with the exception of pleasant characterizations by Frederick Graham and J. M. Kerrigan, are very bad indeed. Much of the blame must rest on Guthrie McClintic, who as producer has miscast most of the roles and as director evidently made up his mind early in the day to abandon any pretense at maintaining the proper atmosphere. Consequently we are treated to a series of inexcusable lapses, such as extremely casual manners between the two sexes, young ladies squatting on the grass, a very modern-looking railway time-table, a quotation from "Maud Muller," a bishop cavorting on a garden bench singing an accompaniment to a dance, and Bertie Stanhope receiving young lady visitors in his night-shirt and dressing-gown, all in the year of grace 1857. If a reviewer may be pardoned a timid pun, Mr. McClintic has made a very poor Job of Trollope indeed.

ELEANOR FLEXNER.

A. Ajay

Why the C. P. Grows in France

ONE important reason why the Communist Party of France increased its representation in the Chamber of Deputies to seventy-two in the last general election is now on view at the Squire Theatre in New York. There *People of France,* the election-campaign propaganda film which has not been shown publicly in this country before, is bearing brilliant testimony to the political maturity of the French Communist Party. That political maturity is evidenced objectively by the human and artistic power of this film and subjectively by the fact that its director, Jean Renoir, and many of its cast, are among the shining lights of the French cinema industry.

The film opens with a classroom scene in which a teacher expounds to his students the natural and industrial riches of la belle France. How effective a beginning this is for a propaganda film you can readily see when you recall that as a kid in grade school, when you got your new batch of books at each term's start, the one you sat down to and looked through first was your geography. There was pictured the seething, multifarious, half-familiar yet half-unknown life of contemporary man: the busy traffic of New York harbor; the cavernous steel mills of Pittsburgh; the boundless wheat fields of the Dakotas; salmon fisheries on the Columbia River—all exciting and pulsing with life.

Catapulted by this sort of basic interest, then, the propaganda message takes off. The classroom lecture is brief, and we follow the kids homewards, where they begin talking about more personal concerns, yet relating them to what they have just seen and heard about the work, wealth, and presumptive hap-

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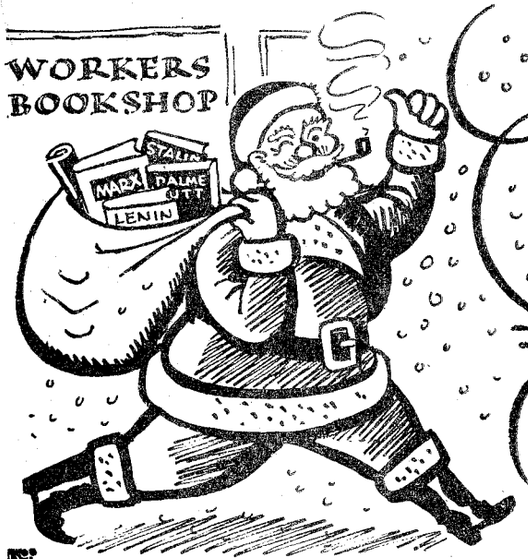

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piness of France. The question of who owns the wealth is abruptly introduced, and the camera eye focuses on the "200 families" and a characteristic board-of-directors meeting, at which it is decided to destroy commodities in order to raise prices and profits. Then the French fascists and their foreign friends appear in their full lineaments of death and destruction, followed by the Communist Party.

Here the scheme of the film changes abruptly and three short scenarios follow. Marcel Cachin is shown at his *Humanité* office, reading his mail. The three scenarios flow from letters he is reading. The first relates a job action in a metal works, whereby a middle-aged worker is saved from discharge and a wage increase is won for all. The writer of the letter, who was involved in the action, writes to thank the party for its leadership. The next is the thwarting of a foreclosure on the countryside, wherein the Communists organize to buy the foreclosed chattels at public auction for a pittance and return them to the dispossessed. The third shows how an unemployed and demoralized intellectual finds himself by his contact with the movement. The film winds up with a series of short talks by leaders of the French party, and the final sequences picture, symbolically, the ever-swelling river of marchers behind the party's banner, with the worker, the peasant, and the intellectual shoulder to shoulder.

It is impossible to detail here the wealth and subtlety of the film's artistry. It deserves to be seen by everyone for its simple and powerful message; and for those who have a special interest in the propaganda film, it will yield new lessons every time it is seen.

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A Ballet for the Carriage Trade

UP at the celebrated Lafayette Theatre in Harlem, and under the direction and supervision of Eugene von Grona, the much publicized American Negro Ballet came to life and played its initial performance to an enthusiastic S.R.O. audience. They had Reginald Forsythe's swell jazz, the public blessing of James Weldon Johnson, famous Negro poet, and began the concert with the *Star-Spangled Banner*. But all this, unfortunately, had little to do with the engineering of a young, earnest, undoubtedly talented group of dancers into a program of cheap tinsel and white chauvinism. There can be no question of it; the program was calculated to please the carriage trade. It certainly wasn't a concert designed to advance the lot of the Negro peoples.

First there was the *Children of Darkness*, a dance in the decadent style and flossy manner of von Grona, with the primitivism of the Negro for its theme, the sort of primitivism attributed to the Negro by such of his

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well-wishers as Benito Mussolini. We have seen Negro primitive dances before. There was Asadata Dafora (native African) and his *Kykunkor;* there was the witch ballet in the W.P.A. brilliant Negro production of *Macbeth,* and the exciting W.P.A. *Bassa Moona.* Dr. Williams from the Hampton Institute deep in Virginia came up to the 92nd Street Y to put on a number of Negro primitive dances and dance rituals. But in none of these dance groups was the Negro presented as an aboriginal savage, needing to be civilized. It remained for von Grona to treat us to that aspect.

Second, there was some posturing in the decided post-war German retreatist manner for a completely un-Negro medieval church ritual to the music of Bach's *Air for the G String.* The Hampton Institute group's dance to a similar motive had at least lacked the dragged-out romanticism that von Grona introduced with his silk robes and suffering faces. And no other Negro group, as far as this reviewer can remember, has ever done anything else like it; and I don't see why they should.

Third, there was the tin-type *Southern Episode* with its typical Hollywoodian caricatures of the Negro as the hysterical religionist, the loose "hot" woman, or the whoring dandy. Why any Negro should allow himself to be inveigled into that sort of betrayal is a little beyond me. And the dance was precisely that and nothing more.

And finally the *pièce de résistance* was the von Grona interpretation of Stravinsky's *Firebird,* a fairy tale, beginning, middle, and end, about how the good bird rescued the good prince from the wicked King Kostchai. The theme is obvious tripe, and the choreography failed to raise its level. There is no reason at all for any sort of dancer to indulge in this sort of waste of energy.

"What do you think the Negro should dance about?" Leonore Cox, Negro dancer, was asked at the first National Dance Congress. And she answered: "Let the Negro, or anyone else for that matter, look around him and look closely and long, then let him look closely and long within himself, then let him dance."

Evidently, the young Negro dancers who make up von Grona's group have looked neither closely nor long, nor around them nor within. Else they shouldn't be involved in the work of von Grona's company. If they didn't know why now, they'll discover it soon enough on the trip around the country von Grona has promised them.

How far will racial understanding travel by way of the arts in the countryside where the black man and the white man are being lynched for seeking unity through the more tangible means of a sharecroppers' trade union? More gently, how far will the artistry of these young and misled Negro people carry them through the doors of some of the "best hotels"—more violently, through the Jim-Crow carriages.

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it was the fish-and-soup who paid fancy box-office prices, who gave them and gave them their mighty reception. How many people from the cold flats of Harlem, doing the Big Apple on their relief checks, were able to buy tickets for this concert? I saw them (accustomed to the forty-cent top) turned away by the hundreds. They wanted to come in, to see *their* ballet, but evidently the American Negro Ballet is not for the Negro, not for the people, but for the curiosity-seeking, the patronizing southern end of Park Avenue. The young dancers of the Negro Ballet may do well to consider, to take account of their direction. There has been a bit of a fraud. It should be exposed. OWEN BURKE.

★

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(Times given are Eastern Standard, but all programs listed are on coast-to-coast hookups)

Questions before Congress. A senator discusses questions before the Senate, Fri., Dec. 10, 4:30 p.m., while a representative gives the House's point of view, Mon., Dec. 13, 4:30 p.m., C.B.S.

Football. Christy Walsh announces his all-American football team and introduces several members of the team, Sat., Dec. 11, 10:45 p.m., C.B.S.

Epic of America. W.P.A. Radio Federal Theater dramatizes a chapter of James T. Adams's book, Sun., Dec. 12, 8 p.m., WOR—Mutual.

Youth in a Modern Community. Features a prominent speaker under the auspices of the Parent-Teacher Association, Wed., Dec. 15, 4:30 p.m., N.B.C. blue.

American Artists' Congress. Interviews with William Gropper, Jerome Klein, and Mrs. Julianna Force, Wed., Dec. 15, 10:45 p.m., C.B.S.

Town Meeting of the Air. General Hugh Johnson and others discuss government regulation of wages and hours, Thurs., Dec. 16, 9:30 p.m., N.B.C. blue.

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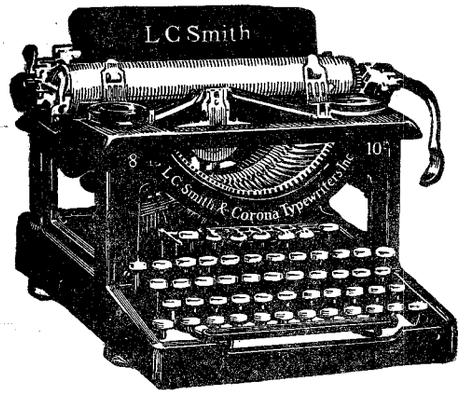

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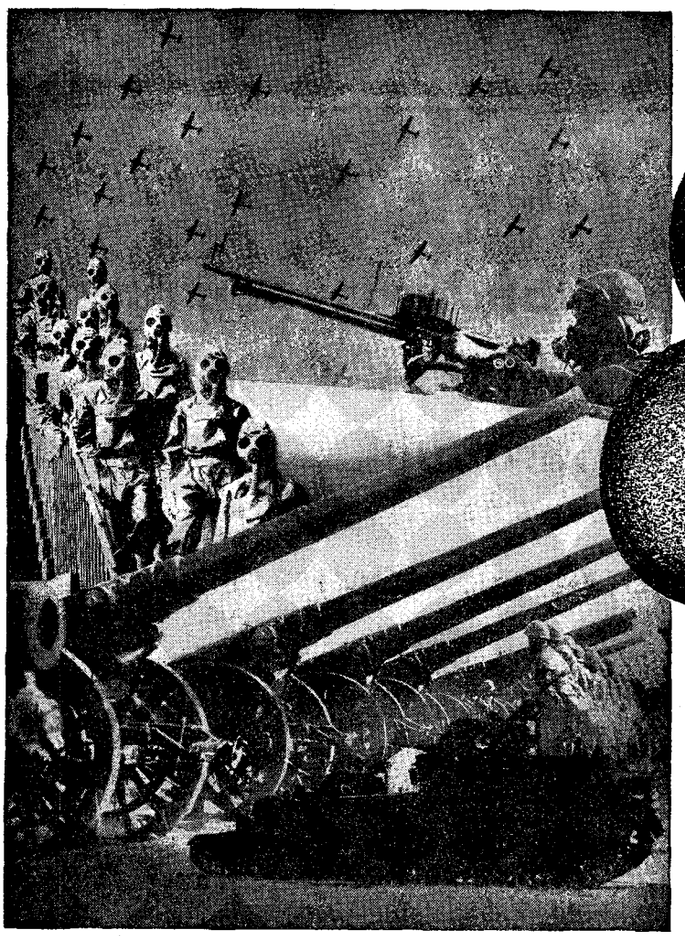

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